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A

WINTER IN BATH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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VOL. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWO POPULAR NOVELS.

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FOR B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW: SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN BATH; RICHARDSON, BRISTOL; DONALDSON, BRIGHTON; HARVEY, WEYMOUTH; SKELTON, AND MRS. STREET, SOUTHAMPTON; GARNER, MARGATE; BARRY, HASTINGS; NASH, TUNBRIDGE-WELLS; LEEK, CROMER; RUFF, CHELTENHAM; AND BURGESS, RAMSGATE.

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WINTER IN BATH.

CHAP. I.

Our heroine returned home in safety, but the next morning she felt herself fatigued and languid, her spirits too, were unusually depressed, and she was certain that her health and constitution would both sink if she continued her present mode of life; besides, it was one

which neither her reason nor conscience could justify. The cotillion ball had been proposed by Lady Maybury for the evening, but Adriana had positively refused being of the party, and was now rejoiced she had done so, as to her former reasons for declining it, were now added the feeling of indisposition; her pale and haggard countenance proved the truth of this statement, as she met her father, and he forebore to press her going out that evening, though he said that she would have "a very dull day of it, as he was engaged."

"Ah, sir," said Adriana, "much as I regret the loss of your company, you forget the many solitary hours, the many revolving days which I passed at Hartley; believe me, I never found them dull,

that is, after the first shock of my mind had subsided; after I became used to my situation, could I have gained any tidings of your safety I should have been contented,—I should have been happy!"

"You would have been an extraordinary girl then; but who knows, perhaps Dawson may purchase the manor, and you may yet live there again, Adriana."

"Recollect, sir, that it was in *intire solitude* I mentioned the manor as constituting my happiness," said Adriana, with a peculiar expression of manner.

"Ah, I thought how it would be; you are not very willing to return to it again I see," and

without waiting for his daughter's answer Mr. Hartley left the room. For the first time since her arrival in Bath, Adriana opened her drawing apparatus, and sat down to her favourite employment, but her thoughts wandered as she was finishing a landscape sketched from the surrounding scenery of Hartley; several recollections, not unmixed with regret, stole athwart her fancy; but, alas! regret was of no avail, she had it not in her power to change that mode of life to which her father had thought fit to introduce her; all that remained for her was to submit with patience, while his commands were not inimical with a superior duty; and if possible, she resolved to prevail on him to suffer her to escape sometimes from

that empty and unprofitable dissipation in which Lady Maybury was constantly immersed, for Adriana knew that she was formed for something better. She felt an aching void at her breast when she reviewed the manner in which she had passed her time for the last six days; no satisfaction arising from the consciousness of her usefulness, no serenity resulting from the retrospection of a well spent day now cheered her; and though she had followed the wishes of a parent in all she had done, and in every hour's engagement, yet she recollected with a bitter sigh, that his mind was warped by the world, and that he knew not the value of that life which he was sacrificing to vain and empty

pursuits. The images of Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Falkland here started before her eye; it seemed as if she continually recurred to them, merely to draw a comparison which would be derogatory to her father's character, and by double application to the sketch before her, she tried to dismiss it from her thoughts. So engaged, and so employed, was our heroine when the door opened, and Mr. Hartley entered, introducing Dawson.

"Adriana," said the former, "Mr. Dawson is come to pay you a visit, and to enquire after your health, hearing from me that you complained of indisposition."

No traces of indisposition were now visible on the countenance of Adriana,

who blushed crimson as she returned the aukward address of Dawson; Mr. Hartley took up a drawing, and did not observe his daughter's countenance.

"Very nicely done indeed, Miss," said Dawson, looking over her shoulder, "I learnt to draw myself a little, and have done a double rose, and a sweet-scented pea, and a sweet William, and a look up and kiss me, and the old squire has had 'em framed, and they are hung up in our little parlour at Dawson Hall, looking very natural."

"Do you play on any instrument, Mr. Dawson?" asked Hartley.

"Oh yes, sir, I blow the german flute, and indeed it is but out there in the passage, in my great coat

pocket, for thinking that it looked likely to be wet, I put it on, and looking in at Mrs. Lintern's music shop, where I had put my flute to be mended as I came along, I just clapped it in my pocket, thinking, mayhap, that Miss here might join me in a bit of a tune."

"O, certainly," said Mr. Hartley; "I have hired a tolerable instrument, I believe; Adriana, try it, and accompany Mr. Dawson."

Adriana dared not make an excuse, but went to the instrument.

"What would you like to play, sir?"

"Oh, I will tell you all my tunes; I can play *six* of 'em; let me see—there's Mr. Foot's Minuet, *one*, (laying down his fore-finger;) Shepherds, I have lost

my love, *two*, (laying down the second;) Nancy Dawson's Hornpipe, *three*; Minuet de la Cour, *four*; the Duke of York's March, *five*; and, Go to the Devil and Shake yourself, *six*," coming most emphatically again to the fore-finger.

Adriana was obliged to look down, for in spite of the mortification which she felt at seeing Dawson introduced by her father for her to entertain, she could scarcely refrain from laughter at his enumeration of his musical performances, succeeding so rapidly to the list of his four flower pieces.

"Adriana can play the Duke of York's March," said Mr. Hartley

Adriana sat down, and played the first bar.

"Stop, stop, not so fast, miss; never be too much in a hurry; I an't ready yet; I must settle myself first; when I sound my foot on the ground, *so*, (stamping with vehemence) then do you set off."

So pushing out his two elbows and his head, so as to make a direct angle in his figure, Mr. Dawson began his elegant accompaniment; he was at least an octave higher than Adriana, and generally two bars before her, and he seemed to think the whole science of music lay in producing tones as loud, and as shrill as possible. Mr. Hartley had too great a taste for the ridiculous, not to be diverted, but he would not let

his daughter perceive it, and turned to the window, while "bravo and encore" sounded from the lips of Dawson, when the tune was finished, in as loud, though not in so shrill a key, as the tones produced from his flute.

"Again, Adriana," said Mr. Hartley, who perceived her hand resting on the instrument, and Dawson had given the audible signal for re-commencement, and the *duet* was a second time begun, when Sir Lionel and Miss Herbert entered the room; Adriana stopped, and was rising in great confusion from the instrument, but "I beg we may not interrupt you," from Miss Herbert; "Pray indulge us so far as to proceed,"

from Sir Lionel; "Proceed, proceed," from Dawson, compelled her to resume her seat, though her fingers trembled as they touched the keys, and her skill in music was as questionable as Dawson's to those who now heard her. Her confusion was still apparent, as she rose and advanced to Louisa Herbert, who took her hand with a sort of tender compassion in her manner, which was almost too much for our more than half-overcome heroine.

Sir Lionel was polite, but more distant in his behaviour than he had generally appeared; he entered into conversation with Mr. Hartley, but the most unbending reserve of deportment was visible when he addressed Dawson. Louisa

Herbert tried to prevail on Adriana to go to the ball that night. but she was unsuccessful; Sir Lionel was silent, and after a short visit they took their leave. Not so Dawson, he remained for several hours wearing out Adriana's patience with his jargon of nonsense, and teazing her every minute with a "Don't you think so, miss?" to questions which she frequently answered in the negative when she should have used the affirmative.

Mr. Hartley left them tête-a-tête, just as the Herberts took their leave, saying, "Mr. Dawson, you will excuse me, having some indispensible business to transact this morning, but *Miss* Hart-

ley is not going out, and will be happy in the pleasure of your company, as long as you can make it agreeable."

The appealing look of Adriana was disregarded by her father.

"Thank ye, sir,—thank ye, sir," said Dawson, very comfortably stretching himself on a sofa, of which he remained sole master for three hours; and whereby stretching, yawning, kicking his shins, and pulling up his boots, he contrived to fill up the pauses of his discourse, with all the necessary graces of action. The monosyllable *we*, more than once repeated, alarmed Adriana: "*We* shall play better when we are in practice." "*We* shall be able to do it in the coun-

try." "*We* can have an organ, and *I* can blow the bellows." All these speeches were calculated to produce no little disquiet in the bosom of our heroine, for they implied a sort of right in her society to which he had not the smallest claim from *herself*, yet she greatly feared that this right had been authorised by her father, and that her voice was not thought necessary in the business.

Though every feeling of her soul, every principle of her mind, would bid her resist a connection with ignorance, vulgarity, and self-conceit, although sanctioned by a parent's approbation and consent, Adriana felt the delicacy of her present situation too much to

ask an explanation from Dawson; she was civilly reserved to him, that he might not receive any encouragement from her behaviour; but she saw enough of his character to enable her to decide on the impracticability of his understanding the nature of her sentiments, even if she took the trouble of acquainting him with them.

With the greatest pleasure she heard him take his leave, and heartily did she wish she might never again be subjected to such another morning visitor.

The remainder of this day passed in melancholy rumination: how did Adriana long to unbosom herself to

her beloved Mrs. Selwyn! how did she lament the fatal interdiction which prevented her from applying for counsel and advice to that estimable friend!

CHAP. II.

MR. Hartley did not breakfast at home the succeeding day, and in order to escape from another tête-a-tête with Dawson, and remembering that Lady Maybury had accused her of not calling frequently in the Crescent, she walked to her house as soon as she had finished her morning repast. Lady Maybury, Mrs. Hambleton, and Maria Pemberton, were the trio assembled round the breakfast table; after the usual salutations,

Mrs. Hambleton said, "Ah, 'tis very true, Miss Hartley, you are a young lady of some sense, to give over while well is well;—but I'll only ask you, does Cicey, does my Lady Maybury look well?"

"Not quite as well as I have seen her, perhaps," said Adriana, "but I hope, my dear madam, she has no serious ailment," and Adriana looked the sincerity of this hope as she turned her eyes on her ladyship.

"Thank you, my dear creature, "I am quite well, believe me."

"*Well* indeed, *I* say well," said Mrs. Hambleton, "when you haven't eat the tenth part of an ounce for your breakfast; a sparrow would eat more than you do."

"My dear aunt, you would cram

me like a turkey, and kill me with kindness."

"O, my dear Cicey, I wish—"

"What do you wish, dear aunt?"

"That you were back at Oakley again."

Lady Maybury half-averted her head, as she answered, "My dearest Mrs. Hambleton, do not be so cruel; here I am just arrived at the very height of my wishes, and you are for remanding me back to solitude and Oakley, but thank my stars, my lord and master is not a great advocate for solitude."

"Better he were then, perhaps," said Mrs. Hambleton, pettishly, and catching up a tea caddy, with which she walked off, repeating at the door, "better he were."

Maria Pemberton frisked up from her

chair, saying, she had promised to go to her mother and sister as soon as she had breakfasted.

"Come, Adriana, tell me something pretty," said Lady Maybury; "tell me something entertaining, for notwithstanding what I said to my *dear doating* aunt, I am a little *ennui* this morning."

"And I fear my invention is not sufficiently fertile to supply you with any amusement," said Adriana.

"Oh, you need not have recourse to invention, child; some of the soft speeches with which Dawson assailed you yesterday might probably be vastly amusing."

"And do you suspect him of using soft speeches?" asked Adriana.

"What else, my dear, during a four hour tête-a-tête, unless indeed, you proceeded so far as to be settling preliminaries of settlement, cloaths, &c. and had gone on to the very time when, and place where, of the nuptial ceremony, and even then surely a *few* honied words gratitude, love, and adoration *must* have fallen from even the lips of Dawson."

"Yes, when such a settlement really takes place perhaps you may be right," said Adriana; "but your ladyship I fear means to raise your own spirits by lowering mine, for believe me you have found a most effectual method of doing the latter."

"How! don't take it seriously, my good girl," said Lady Maybury; "I did not know that it was past a joke with you, though I knew—"

"What did your ladyship know?" eagerly interrupted Adriana.

"That Mr. Hartley and Old Dawson had settled the business for the young folks."

"And pray who told you so, Madam?" asked Adriana.

"O, the whole world," answered Lady Maybury.

"If your authority comes from such a *general* source, I will excuse you from giving it *particular* credence," said Adriana, smiling.

"Then to descend to particulars; Lord Maybury," said her ladyship,

speaking more seriously, "told me that he heard it from your father, and *I* heard a lady say last night to Dawson 'So your going to be married, sir?' 'Yes, Ma'am, I am, I believe I am,' was the answer. 'To Miss Hartley, I find?' said the curious impertinent. 'Yes, ma'am, I am, I believe I am.'

"And *I believe* not," said the astonished and disgusted Adriana, with more than usual emphasis in her manner, "Good Heavens! is my name to be banded about?—am I to be made the public mark for ridicule?—the object of laughter wherever I appear?—and can my father think that I will ever consent to receive Dawson as my husband? Oh, Lady Maybury, I am miserable!"

Not so, say not so, dearest Adriana!"

said Lady Maybury, taking her hand; "calm these emotions, and you will learn to see things in a very different light.—Dawson's family is respectable; his fortune is splendid; his manners to be sure are unpolished, but—"

"And do *you* persuade me to receive him as my husband; to tie my fate to his for ever! To unite myself to a man for whom I can never feel affection, reverence, or duty, yet to *swear* before the Almighty that I will love, honor, and obey him? Oh, cruel, cruel Lady Maybury, is it you who would persuade me to this!"

"I would not persuade you to any thing against your inclinations, Adriana; but you are of a contented disposition,

and will soon reconcile yourself to any thing; and after all, I believe husbands are pretty much the same,—that is—I mean—the most polite men are not *always* the gentlest husbands.

"As to being of a contented disposition," said Adriana, not noticing the latter part of Lady Maybury's speech, "I think it is the duty of every human creature to try as much as possible to be so; but surely, if all sensation be not a chimera of the imagination, there exist no stronger feelings in the mind than those of approbation and dislike; and if I was voluntarily to take as my husband the man towards whom I feel the *latter*, is it possible, (without a miracle being worked in my favor, by the utter transformation either of him or myself) that

I could be *contented* in my situation? and how could I ask the assistance of the Almighty to *reconcile* me to a fate which I voluntarily precipitated myself into?"

"My dear, dear girl, how seriously you are taking up the subject; I do not wish to persuade you to any thing to which you are averse; but I have a great regard for you, a regard which I felt the first moment that I saw you at Mrs. Selwyn's, and I confess I should like to see you well married."

"And can your ladyship think I should be *well* married if I was to become the wife of Mr. Dawson?"

"Why we cannot have every thing, you know, Adriana; we seldom see person, talent, and fortune united!"

"And you would advise me to forego every thing for the latter?" said Adriana.

"There is no doing without it in the world, my dear."

"In the Bath world, perhaps," said Adriana.

"In *any* world, Adriana; and I wish you to be placed in a situation where I am sure you will shine."

"*Shine* by *comparison*, at the side of my husband," said Adriana; "what a charming contemplation on entering the holy state of matrimony! what a prospect does it present of connubial happiness, of domestic felicity!"

"*Domestic* felicity!"——that is a term derived from the rectory of Hartley!"

"Then you will allow it to be derived from its source," said Adriana, "for it is *there* beautifully evinced! but now you are upon the subject, Lady Maybury, though *you* will not allow it, nor *am I* willing to allow it a serious one (for how can I imagine a connection in agitation for me, with a man who never pays me the smallest attention, or seems to evince for me a shadow of preference) I say now we *are* on the subject, will your Ladyship let me ask you, supposing *you* had never seen Lord Maybury, and Dawson had made *you* an offer, would *you* have accepted him?"

Lady Maybury paused, and laughingly answered—"Why, no,—I think I

should not, my dear; but then recollect, I had a large and independent fortune of my own."

This was not the first time that Adriana had remarked Lady Maybury's almost *proud* reference to her wealth; but our heroine was not humbled by a feeling of inferiority, because her desires were moderate, and bounded by her principles.

"Certainly there was no parallel in our situations," said Adriana, "but had there been one, I think you could not have bartered the independence of your nature,—I might almost say your conscience, for gold!"

"I could not answer for myself,

Adriana, but luckily I was not called to the trial. Heigho! you never asked me about the last night's ball. I danced all the evening with a most agreeable man, such a dancer! Vestris could not have excelled him; Captain Pierrepont; you have heard of him I dare say?"

"I do not recollect the name," said Adriana.

"My lord saw us stand up, and then walked off; an engagement I suppose; but I was too fashionable a wife to enquire though he did not return till long after I was in bed; so I pretended to be fast asleep, when I was broad awake, and to be quiet and composed when I was in a state of restless anxiety."

"And pretended that you were well

this morning, in order to escape from Mrs. Hambleton's good-natured enquiries, when you were quite the contrary."

"Even so," said her ladyship. "If I am ever inclined to be a little ennui, the well *meant*, I believe, but very teazing manner of my poor dear aunt, is enough to weary me out of my life. 'How are you now, Cicey?—poor thing! Do take a little red lavender on a nob of sugar!—do lie down!—do eat!—do drink!—do sleep!'—O, the very idea tortures me to death!"

"And yet such affectionate attention is—"

"Insufferably cruel," said Lady Maybury.—"By the bye Dawson danced last night with Maria Pen

berton,—*not* cotillions,—no, he very wisely did not veture on them:—really, he popt up and down surprisingly, and kept the perpendicular with his body while he formed the angles, as usual, with his elbows! Maria seemed well pleased; I believe the Pembertons are the best humoured family in the world, and they are not *too* wise to be *happy.* Those girls will pick up husbands, I dare say, for Mrs. Pemberton is very indulgent to them, and follows them where-ever they like to go."

"It appears to me," said Adriana, "that her own inclination leads her to keep pace with their wishes; for I query if Mrs. Pemberton is quite so pleasant in a domestic——"

"That word again, Adriana; for hea-

ven's sake dismiss it from your vocabulary while you remain in Bath, for not a *soul* will understand its meaning, except indeed the *grave* and *ghostly* Sir Lionel Herbert; there is something so cynical in his manners, and so satirical in his conversation, that I am half afraid of him; he seems to be always on the watch for a fault, and to visit public places merely to give a licence to his tongue."

"Indeed I cannot agree with your ladyship; he eulogizes as often as he satirizes," said Adriana; "and you must allow him to be very sensible and agreeable."

"You are to dine with us to day, Adriana," said Lady Maybury; "Mr. Hartley has also promised us his com-

pany; we are to have a few friends; and as you are not devoted to cards, you can chat with this Sir Lionel, for both himself and his modest sister will be of the party."

From this engagement, as her father had made it, Adriana could not excuse herself, and she soon after took her leave.

In Milsom-street she met the Miss Pembertons walking with Dawson, who seemed half-ashamed of his situation, and quickly turning on his heel (as Adriana, having spoken to them, was passing on) he said, "Well, I must now wish you good morning, ladies; I wish

you a good morning, Miss Maria; Miss Hartley is going part of my way home, and I had as well go on with her till I come to the grove, as I must be going home now, for I expect that my newspaper is sent to my lodgings by this time, and I have got to read *that* all over, and to write a letter to the old squire, and to fresh dress myself, and *all* before six o'clock!"

"O, we *beg* we may not trespass on your time; *we* require no apology; *we* can account for your sudden business; *we* wish you a *pleasant* walk," was reiterated by the giggling Pembertons while Dawson was talking; but he went on methodically with all his speech, not attending to them, neither to the blushing Adriana, who begged

him to pursue his walk with the Miss Pembertons; he did not hear her, but strided a few paces, and taking the inside of the street, when making a sudden stop at Molland's door, he said, "Do come in here with me, Miss Hartley, I'll treat you either with a cheese-cake or a bun, which you like best."

"Neither, I thank you, sir," said Adriana.

"Yes, yes, but you must, you must," said he, halloing as he walked into the confectioner's shop, and expecting her to follow him; Adriana, however, pursued her way till she heard her name, and felt a violent slap on her shoulder; Dawson had overtaken her; he held a hot and greasy cheese-cake in his large *ungloved* hand, and he offered it to Adriana, who politely refused it.

"What won't you, miss? do take a bite, *only* one bite," said he, "just to see how good it is," and he held it to her mouth in Union Passage, just as Lord Maybury and Sir Lionel Herbert, with a groupe of other persons were blocking up the narrow way in conversation.

"I beg you will not teaze me," said Adriana, who could hardly have patience with him, especially when she saw Sir Lionel Herbert pass them, with a distant bow, as if unwilling to interrupt them; Lord Maybury joined them.

"Even at the hazard of spoiling a most agreeable tête-a-tête," said he, "I must ask Miss Hartley if she be recovered from that indisposition which

deprived us of the pleasure of her company at the last night's ball."

"I am better, I thank your lordship," said Adriana, "and have just been paying my respects to Lady Maybury."

"I hope you saw her," said he, yawning; "it is more than I have done to-day.—Hey-day, Dawson, you are stuffing early!" perceiving that he was cramming down the cheese-cake with as much eagerness as if he had foreseen the danger of its melting in his fingers.

"Why, yes, sir, 'twas too good to be wasted; I bought it for Miss here, but somehow her stomach did not seem *up* to it."

"And *yours* was, hey, Dawson?" said Lord Maybury, laughing; "I did

not suspect you of using *bribery*," and he looked archly to Adriana; "sweets to the sweet! what a *lover*-like expedient of gaining a lady's affections?" this was said in an under voice.

Lord Maybury continued to walk at Adriana's side.—When they reached the entrance to the grove Dawson took his leave, saying, "Well, Miss, as my lord is with you, I must now wish you a good morning; we shall meet again at dinner."

"Yes, yes, we meet again at dinner," said Lord Maybury; "Miss Hartley *will* contrive to exist till then."

His lordship escorted our heroine home; and was most scrupulously guarded in his conversation, though he

more than once hinted something of Dawson, and made allowances for his awkwardness, and uncouth manners, in a way which, though Adriana was not justified in applying to herself, she yet plainly perceived arose from his understanding they were to be united; she parried his strokes with as much ease as she could, but they wounded her delicacy and sensibility: Every day she feared the unpleasantness of her situation would increase, for every day the report of this projected marriage seemed to acquire greater publicity.

Adriana resolved to apply to her father on the subject, for she was determined never to become the wife of Dawson; and yet this application would re-

quire great resolution, for Mr. Hartley had talked of her saving him from beggary and ruin! Adriana knew the duty of a child towards a parent; but she remembered the injunctions of Mr. Selwyn; and her conscience would absolve her from making a sacrifice which must entail on herself lasting misery, and which would not turn her father from the dissipated and unthinking life in which he was engaged, but enable him to prosecute it with greater avidity: Yet how could she address her father on a subject on which he seemed predetermined?—And how could she expect him to attend to her petitions, when they would run in direct opposition to his wishes?—for he had been too much accustomed to self-indulgence to know how to brook contra-

diction from any one, especially from a child, and a child from whom he had demanded unlimited,—implicit obedience!

Adriana felt her heart sicken as she was dressing. *She* moved in gay scenes—*she* was immersed in dissipation,—*she* drew the eye of public curiosity and enquiry, while her mother yet lived in infamy!—While *her* name was never mentioned before her daughter; and if by accident any similar story, or any distant illusion, recalled it to the memories of those who were conversing in *her* company, the sudden stop of recollection; the eye which continued to express what the tongue had left unfinished, these sufficiently convinced her

that the guilty story was universally known; that her mother was at once her reproach and her shame! yet the natural goodness of our heroine's heart, her sense of duty and religion, the susceptibility of her nature, frequently bade her turn her most anxious wishes towards this unhappy lost one;—she longed to precipitate herself into her mother's presence; to fall at her feet; to conjure her to turn from the error of her ways; to offer her all that love, that duty, that attention could devise by a whole life *spent* in her service; to restore her bosom to content, and to render the evening of her days serene and respectable, if not happy.

In the enthusiasm of her soul at these moments, Adriana would fancy that sh

could chearfully acquiesce in any sacrifice to accomplish this darling wish ;—she could forego the whole world if she could but lead a parent to the paths of virtue ;—she would chearfully maintain her by the labour of her hands, and sweet would be the morsel that she partook with a repentant mother!—' And when the evening sun went beautifully down,' after a day spent in such a praise worthy exertion of her faculties, she could with confidence lift up her hands to Heaven, and while she thanked a good God for his mercies, she could pray for a continuance of them, and chearfully resign herself to undisturbed repose.

Sanguine and empassioned, when such

were the ruminations of Adriana, they agitated her whole frame; her heart beat high with expectation, her cheek was flushed with hope, and she could *almost* fancy her dream of happiness realized, till a sudden turn of thought precipitated her into the reality of her situation;—and, thrown back upon herself, all the heroism of her soul would speedily dissolve in a passionate flood of tears.

CHAP. III.

THE politeness of Mr. Hartley, his ready wit and chearful conversation, could not fail of rendering him a most acceptable and pleasant companion when, as now, he studied to make himself so. He sat at the right hand of Lady Maybury at table, while Captain Pierrepoint graced the left; the three Pembertons and Dawson; Sir Lionel and Miss Herbert; Sir Theodore Waring, a young Irish baronet, and a

widow from the same country, with her female friend, formed the party.

No sooner were they seated at dinner, or rather no sooner were they *about* to be seated, than with marks of the most undissembled affright, Mrs. Hambleton whispered Mrs. Pemberton, while her eyes went round the table, as if numbering the company. "I am *right*," said she, "Indeed I am right, Mrs. Pemberton."

"Do not, my dear madam, suffer such a trifling thing—" began Mrs. Pemberton.

"Trifling! *I say* trifling," repeated Mrs. Hambleton, "not the *whole world*, would persuade *me* to make one of *thirteen* at *table!*"

"Why, madam, pray is it treason against the state?" asked Sir Theodore.

"No, no, not as I know of, sir, but 'tis something worse, for 'tis all one as taking away another's life; for 'tis a *known* and *certain token* that one of the company will die before the year's out!"

"Oh, horrid!" cried the baronet, affecting something between a shuddering and a shrug.

"So you will please to excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," continued Mrs. Hambleton, "for I can have my dinner in another room."

"O yes, yes, *granny*, we'll excuse you," said Dawson in a half-whisper to Adriana, who was placed between him and Sir Theodore.

"My dear madam!" said Lady Maybury.

"And my dear Cicey, now don't I know, what I know?—don't I know that the very *last* time, as your poor father, my poor dear brother, was ever at Bristol, that he sat down to table one of thirteen, at Alderman Wick's, at the Buck, and wasn't he laid in his coffin long afore the year was expired?"

"Suppose you call us a dozen, madam, *thirteen* to the dozen," said Sir Theodore; "you and I are but little people, we will go for *one*."

"No, sir, no," said Mrs. Hambleton, "it won't do at all."

"Death is not to be so cheated, is he, Mrs. Hambleton? he will have fair play," said Lord Maybury, laughing.

"Don't talk of *death*, you will give me the vapours," said Sir Theodore.

"I think it is become a very unpopular theme," said Sir Lionel.

"*Unpopular!* a good hit, for death is a confounded depopulater," said the silly Sir Theodore.

"Ah, *that* gentleman looks in a very bad state of health," said Mrs. Hambleton, pointing to Sir Lionel, and in a whisper to Lord Maybury, but loud enough for the subject of it to hear her, "I shouldn't wonder if *he* went before me, old as I am; but *I'll* not hasten his end by making one of the thirteen at table!" so off the old lady tripped, mounted on her high french heels.

Lady Maybury could scarcely laugh off her aunt's abrupt departure; but Mr.

Hartley engaged her in conversation, too polite to appear to notice Mrs. Hambleton; and Captain Pierrepoint on *his* part, much *too* polite to assist the lady of the house in doing the honours of her table; let his soup steam under his nose, while he held the glass, suspended by a ribbon round his neck, to his eye a full minute, directing his fixed stare the whole of the time to our heroine, and then dropping it, he said, loud enough for Adriana to hear, but as if making the remark intirely to himself: "A pretty dancing figure; very well in a cotillion or country dance, not tall enough for a minuet, nor spirit enough for a waltz.—I see she has nothing of the opera stile?"

Miss Herbert who sat next this gentlemen, and who naturally enough thought herself addressed by him, as she perceived Lady Maybury's attention was then engaged by Mr. Hartley, said, "Of whom were you speaking, sir?"

"O, merely putting my thoughts into words, ma'am; I frequently *think* aloud.—*You* did not dance last night I think?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"O, it was sad work,—sad work indeed; there was some sad *jumping* about; Miss Friskem was all wrong in the last cotillion, though she has been practising for a month; and though *I* have yielded her my private instructions

oftener than I could make it convenient when so many others had claims on me."

"I *thought* that gentleman danced well when I saw him footing it with her ladyship last night," said Dawson to Sir Theodore Waring, "but I did not know that he was a *dancing* master till now."

"He is *master of dancing*, sir," said Sir Theodore.

"O what, that's different, I suppose, from the other; somewhat like B. A. and A.M. the one you know, sir, goes for bachelor of arts, and the other for master of arts; they are what are called *degrees*."

"Thank you, sir," said Sir Theodore, bowing his head, "I perceive you are *full of information*."

Dawson did not understand the baronet's sarcasm, and looked well satisfied with the compliment.

Lady Maybury had been enquiring of Mr. Hartley concerning the events which had happened during his detention in France; again the glass was applied to the eye of Pierrepoint; and when he had taken an accurate view of Mr. Hartley's person, he said, "Any thing new, sir; any thing in the figure way; I expect something perfectly *nouvelle* from the long residence of some of our best-made men at Verdun."

"I do not perfectly comprehend, sir," answered Mr. Hartley.

"Pray, sir," asked Pierrepont, "have

you a taste, that is, are you fond of the finest science in the world,—in *one* word are you a dancer?"

"My dancing days are nearly over," said Hartley, "and it is time they should when that young lady stares me in the face, and calls me papa," pointing towards Adriana.

"Your daughter!" said Pierrepoint, and the glass was again called to his aid;—"You were not at last night's ball I think, ma'am?" addressing Adriana.

"No, sir."

"Your first winter in Bath?"

"Yes, sir."

"You dance your minuet then of course?"

"Sir?"

"I say you'll dance your minuet at the upper rooms?"

"No, sir, I have no such intention."

"O, but you must—you must; a little practice will do.—I'll teach you the modern minuet, as different from the one *you* have been taught, I dare say, as a hornpipe is to a strathspey.—Any fine dancers at Verden when you were there, sir?" again addressing Hartley; "any Italian figurantes?"

"There is a celebrated Russian, just arrived in Bath, Pierrepoint," said Lord Maybury, "I hear he excels in your favourite science."

"The Russians can't dance, my lord, I'll pawn my life, he is not worth looking at: Where has he danced, my lord? I did not see him *last night* at the cotillion."

"But *I* saw him this morning in the street; and he footed it better than any *bear* I ever saw before!"

Dawson broke out into a violent horse-laugh; even Sir Lionel Herbert smiled; but Pierrepoint, not the least disconcerted, said, "Oh, my dear lord, you have caught me, egad!—I thought you quite in earnest; and I knew the Russians could not dance."

Miss Henrietta on one side of Sir Theodore Waring, had in the mean time been hearing a long history of his driving four in hand, and throwing down an apple-woman and two sand boys with their donkies, in the morning.

"And did they escape without injury?" asked Adriana, who did not join

in Miss Pemberton's laugh at this most heroic exploit.

"Faith, I believe madam *Pomona* was a little mauled; but I saw the screaming engines of *rub* and *scrub* get up and drive their donkies before them; and I ordered one of my fellows to give the lady something to purchase Steers' Opodeldoc, ('And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth was spermaceti for an inward bruise', whispered Sir Lionel to his next neighbour) but 'twas a devilish near thing that I did not ride over them all.—Pray, sir, do they drive tandems much in France?" addressing himself to Hartley.

"I do not recollect to have seen them frequently," said Hartley,

"They are gone out here, I think," said Sir Theodore; "for my own part I always drive four in hand!"

In such conversation did the dinner hours pass. Mrs. D'Onolly, (the Irish widow) contrived to engross the ear of Sir Lionel; her design, like most of the young widows who visit Bath during the season, was to gain a second husband; and seeing many who adopted the broad path of sterling assurance, and unbounded effrontery, she had chosen the more circuitous and less frequented path of sentiment, philosophy, and all the theory of refinement and contradiction with which some of the modern writers have lately contrived to bewilder

the brains of their fair readers. Mrs. D'Onolly read the german theatre in the original; she had learned to recite of a celebrated actor; and she frequently amused her friends and an admiring circle, with all the action, the passion, and the emphatic feeling which even Mrs. Siddons could have displayed in the character of Elvira in *Pizarro*. Miss Filmer was just the modest attendant described by that master of satire, (if not of morals,) in his incomparable Critic,—'Enter the heroine in white sattin, her attendant in white linen.—' Miss Filmer knew where to say "Oh!" and where to cry "Alas!" and when in her recitation Mrs. D'Onolly laid her hand upon her breast, Miss

Filmer gently drew out her cambric handkerchief, and held it to her eyes!

From such a groupe, with the discernment our heroine possessed, it was impossible not to extract entertainment, although Dawson sat at her elbow; although Maria Pemberton contrived by every means in her power to draw on her the attention of the company; although Louisa Herbert looked at her with distressing scrutiny; although Sir Lionel scarcely noticed her.

Lady Maybury did not leave the dining room 'till late; Mrs. D'Onolly threw herself in the true *Elvira* posture on a sofa, as soon as she re-entered the drawing room; and began to yawn; her politeness and sensibility both seemed

to have been lulled to rest; and as if she was worn out by fatigue, Mrs. D'Onolly closed her eyes, and soon *appeared* to be asleep; while Miss Filmer quietly took out her netting, and seemed to imagine herself the fair sylph who guarded the slumbers of a genius of superior intelligence.

The Miss Pembertons got into a corner to whisper and laugh to themselves; Mrs. Pemberton had as usual the ear of Lady Maybury; and Mrs. Hambleton fastened herself on Adriana; who having patiently heard her self-gratulations on the lucky escape she had recently had 'from sitting down to table with thirteen!' was then entertained with *more* than thirteen instances where

the number had been fatal, and from thence the lady proceeded to a history of death watches, second sight, and all the host of appalling terrors with which her residence amongst the lowest class of a superstitious people, and her own credulous and weak understanding, had furnished her memory.

Captain Pierrepoint was the first gentleman who attended Lady Maybury's summons to the drawing room: Mrs. D'Onolly still reclined on the sofa; one foot, decorated with a pink silk stocking, and a white and silver slipper, was displayed from beneath her tasteful drapery, making a sign of silence to the company; Pierrepoint caught it in his hand. "What rude unlicensed dis-

turber, thus invades my sweet repose?" said Mrs. D'Onolly, rising from her recumbent posture.

"Oh, is it you, Captain Pierrepoint?"

"What a sweet little foot!" said the Captain, "why did you give up dancing? dearest Mrs. D'Onolly, you really do not do yourself justice."

"Dancing is an amusement so barbarously emblematic of hilarity and careless ease, of rude health, and vulgar merriment," returned the lady, "that there is not a feature of my mind in correspondence with it:—A solemn dirge is more grateful to my ears than the most spirited country dance; a chiserere is more congenial to the sweetly tumultuous feelings of my agitable soul

than the best attitude of Vestris, or the best minuet of Pierrepoint."

Pierrepoint made one of his most graceful bows at being mentioned in the same sentence with Vestris; and then walked with *measured* step to another part of the room.

A card table was placed, at which Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. D'Onolly, Sir Theodore Waring, and Mr. Hartley, were soon seated. Adriana remarked, that from that moment her father had eyes for nothing but his cards, which he regarded with the greatest attention and most watchful anxiety. Mrs. Pemberton was his partner, and she seemed as willing as himself to come off victorious;

but on perceiving that with their united skill and attention, the cards ran evidently in favor of their opponents, with true female policy, (never destitute of an expedient) she called over Henrietta, and desired her to sit down and bring her good luck; Miss *Henny* knew her cue; she placed her chair between her mother and Sir Theodore, and contrived to talk to the unsuspecting baronet, so as to effectually disengage his attention from the cards; and though the german illuminati, Mrs. D'Onolly, was ager for gain as any interesting widow could be, yet she was obliged to conceal her vexation under the feigned guise of sighs and pensive langours, and sentimental exclamations; it being quite beyond the rules of her school to discover

her thoughts to any but her faithful confidante, Miss Filmer, who had planted herself close to her friend's chair and often played with the tresses of beautiful hair which were bound round a head which *she* compared to that of the *Lesbian Poetess*. A sweetly tender smile would steal over the countenance of Mrs. D'Onolly, as her vivid fancy bade her *believe* she felt the pressure of her friend's hand; for ('but tell it not in Bath!') the tasteful tresses of Mrs. D'Onolly had been purchased; her own *locks* having been of too crimson a hue for the character which she wished to represent. Sappho perhaps had never resorted to a *wiggery*; but, however, Miss Filmer constantly and unceasingly averred, that Mrs.

D'Onolly's head was quite a model for the bust of Sappho; and that the glowing thoughts of the grecian poetess were like the *fine frenzied imagination* of her adored D'Onolly!—frenzied indeed!—for nearly allied to some of the most violent rebels, and born in a county of the United Kingdom, where sedition and anarchy had flourished most during a period of tumultuous discord and savage ferocity; inflamed by reading tales of high heroic deeds performed by women, her judgment vitiated and perverted by studying all the jargon of improbabilities and false morality, with which the German publications abound; the mind of Mrs. D'Onolly became as sanguinary as the colour of her hair; and she aspired to

the character of a female revolutionist, an active reformer, and a zealous partizan of liberty.

She who had made the bogs and the heaths of Hibernia echo to the name of Patrick D'Onolly;—*She* who had bewailed him with a grief so truly Ephesian, that it was *loud* as the bleak winds of November, and nearly as appalling to the ear of any traveller who happened to pass near the brake of D'Onolly about the 'witching time of night.' *She* pondered over the ferocious pages of Schiller till she felt herself inspired with *all the bold and manly* energy which is there displayed; her daring thought spurned at the shackles of custom and restraint; and *she* supported and sided a cause

which will ever be disgraceful in the annals of Hibernia; till finding it yield to the side of right, she laid by her clamorous cry of 'Liberty,' and through the medium of a Union which showered down its blessings on her almost desolated country, (desolated by civil war) she came to England; and being a woman of truly sentimental manners, and elegant attitudes, she was soon admitted into a very general circle, both of English and Irish; for many persons thought her very ornamental to their parties, as the grace of her figure and movements was undisputed; some thought it a *charming* thing to have a friend who could recite *all* Mr. Lewis's 'Tales of Terror,' with accompanying emphasis and action; others derived a

sort of *eclat* from their friend Mrs. D'Onolly being such a perfect mistress of the german and Italian languages; *some* who liked their conversations to resemble the *tower* of *Babel* in the confusion of tongues, by asking persons of every nation *under Heaven* to come and *converse*, thought it necessary to get Mrs. D'Onolly to interpret for the petty prince, the baron, and the marchese; while others found her so great an adept both at whist and cassino, that nothing could be done without 'dear D'Onolly, and dear D'Onolly's faithful Filmer!' who could always give notice when a card table was broken up who could look about for a fresh person to cut in; could make tea for a snug party; could give the wink to the lady

of the house when one of her visitants happened to have forgotten the card money; and could do a thousand other convenient little offices, which made her a most agreeable appendage, wherever Mrs. D'Onolly was received; besides that, she always carried in her pocket a poem for Mrs. D'Onolly to recite; her smelling bottle, her fan; and was a tablet of memory, a sort of *domestic occurrence* book, to which Mrs. D'Onolly constantly referred herself, and which it was impossible she could do without, as the mere details and petty occurrences of life were much beneath her notice.

Miss Filmer was about forty years of

age; she had a small independent fortune, which had not weight enough to tempt any bold adventurer to gain her hand and heart; she was a sort of know nothing character, who acquired all her importance from the notice and the intimacy which she received from others; Mrs. D'Onolly had penetration enough to perceive this, and to know that the addition of Miss Filmer's income would enable her to live in a style more suited to her notions than her own confined jointure; so she struck up the most *refined*, the most *sentimental*, the most *disinterested*, yet the most ardent friendship for Miss Filmer; for she *could* not *exist* without her; and poor little Filmer was charmed and delighted with the particular regard of so *superior*

and elegant a woman as 'Mrs. D'Onolly. A league was thus formed, which, founded on the secure basis of *interest* on one hand, and *vanity* on the other, had stood proof against all the attacks which are aimed (in general with some success) against the stability of female friendships; for the two ladies had continued their refined intimacy for nearly twelve months!

Dawson *all but* reeled into the room; Adriana shuddered, as she perceived him advancing towards her; Sir Lionel Herbert, as if understanding her thoughts, immediately left his seat, and took the one next her's; while Dawson stretched himself on that sofa which had recently been tenanted by the lan-

guishing widow; and by the strange attitudes into which he put his heavy form, forcibly displayed the *contrast* to all who had witnessed the grace of of Mrs. D'Onolly's *effect*.

Pierrepoint walked up to Adriana, "But surely, Miss Hartley, I did not rightly understand you; you *do* mean to walk your minuet on the master's night, at the upper rooms; indeed you cannot do without it;—and let me see;—one, two, three, four;—Miss Sink, Miss Meander, Miss Reel, and her ladyship;—to be sure, as I have often said four *is* my general number, but if you will dance your's I will venture to say *five*;—yes, yes, I *will* say five; and I'll take you into training to-

morrow morning :—I'il call on you in my way to Miss Reel, for she's in your street ; and a confounded deal of trouble she gives one ; I wouldn't have undertaken her if Lady Sarah Reel hadn't intreated me ; and Lady Sarah brought my new cotillion out ; you know it, I dare say, Miss Hartley ;—'Point a pierre,' just my own name '*reversee*,' one should not make an *author's* name quite plain you know.—The 'Point a pierre,' was first brought out at Lady Sarah's ball, which she gave in town last spring ; I was there, you may be sure ; every body *row'd* me, but they could not bring me to confession, though I believe they *all* suspected the the author ;—but as I was going to tell

you, Miss Reel will never do for a minuet; too much bone, no flexibility of muscle."

"What horse is that, Pierrepoint?" asked Sir Theodore, "will it do in a curricle; would it do to match my off mare, for she has too much bone for the one she now runs with."

"Lord bless ye, Sir Theodore, *do* mind your cards," cried Henrietta Pemberton; "Captain Pierrepoint is talking of a lady, and dancing."

"That man's head runs upon *dancing*," said Sir Theodore.

"And *that man's* upon *wheels*," said Pierrepoint, in an undertone, and as if spoken in a parenthesis.—"So as I was going to observe, Miss Hartley, I will

with great pleasure move down a minuet with you."

"I am very much indebted to you, sir, for the offer," said Adriana, "but I will not oblige you to exceed your general number on my account:—I have not the smallest intention of dancing a minuet; indeed I believe nothing could prevail on me to make the attempt, for so much resolution and courage is necessary."

"Oh, dear madam, not at all;—nothing like it, believe me;—take things easily and coolly, that's all; I have seen ladies moving down the room with just as much composure as you sit there; but really you will be thought nothing of if you will not dance your minuet;—

you will consider about it, and then let me know, and I will take you in training. And now I must wish you good night, for I am engaged at Mrs. Backlows's, and I am sure they cannot begin the cotillions till I come; and besides, I have promised to let them have the figure of my 'point a pierre;' they are not a little impatient *you* may be sure,—Adieu!—*Bon soir!*" and having spoken a few words in a gentle whisper to Lady Maybury, he *glided* out of the room with pantomic grace.

"And is it possible," asked Adriana, "that dancing should be (as it appears) the ruling passion of that gentleman."

"Even so," said Sir Lionel, "he

lives for no other purpose; and I believe he has now brought himself to imagine that the whole of virtue and dignity in man consists in being a *good dancer!*"

"Such a character seems incredible," said Adriana.

"Not at all," said Sir Lionel, "dancing is perhaps as *rational*, and a far more *innocent* pursuit than *driving*; for the dancer only fatigues his *own* person, and *foots* away his *own* time; while the *driver* wears out the limbs, and the breath of the poor unoffending beasts of whom he is the master; and in the case of an *unskilful* one," looking towards Sir Theodore Waring, "not only runs the hazard of breaking his

own neck, but also of endangering the lives of *all* those who come within the sound of his *wheels*."

"The most innocent propensities should not be pursued too far," said Adriana.

"Certainly not, my fair moralizer," said Sir Lionel; "for in excess there is always danger."

Maria Pemberton had now seated herself next Dawson · and Adriana conceived almost a disgust towards her, when she observed the entertainment which she seemed to derive from the brutish sallies of a man in an evident state of intoxication; for Adriana imagined that from such a sight every female of a delicate mind must have re-

tired with disgust and abhorrence; while on the contrary, Miss Pemberton laughed at his half-uttered speeches, and seemed to enjoy his mistakes; and to be far from displeased with the gross and aukward compliments, which from time to time he hiccuped out.

Lord Maybury seemed as if he would have concealed Dawson from the notice of Adriana; and he *seemed* to do this in such a manner that his intentions were very obvious; and a sigh issued from the bosom of Sir Lionel Herbert, as if he lamented the sacrifice which Adriana was going to make; so indeed his lordship construed it.

Lady Maybury walked about the

room, and with her usual vivacious good humour, was attentive to each of her guests in turn.

When the card table broke up, Mr. Hartley spoke to Lord Maybury, and without noticing the rest of the company, walked out of the room.

Mrs. D'Onolly leant back in her chair, and taking the hand of her still stationary friend, "Helas! *ma chere amie*, your *poor* D'Onolly has been in her usual vein;—she is not one of fortune's favourites!"

"Oh, how I grieve for you; but you bear it like yourself," said Miss Filmer, "If there was ever any truth in the old saying, you *must* be rewarded."

"In Heaven!" said Mrs. D'Onolly, raising her fine tearful eyes towards the cieling;—Oh, my Angelina what does our Camoens say—

"Since in this dreary vale of tears
"No certainty but death appears,
"Why should we waste our vernal years, in hoarding useless treasure?"

The pathos with which Mrs. D'Onolly had concluded this quotation, the sonorous and melting tones of her voice, were not lost upon the company, for *whom* they were intended.

This was the very moment for recitation; Lady Maybury was warmly seconded by her lord; Sir Theodore

rounded them with an *oath* of intreaty; and after declaring she knew not what to recite; and that she feared it would be too much for her, &c. &c. Mrs. D'Onolly started up, and assuming the countenance of affright, she began the German ballad of Leonore.

"From visions of distracted night, up-started Leonore!"

Her action and emphasis were varied according to the subject of her verse; she called on her William, with all the soft tones of female intreaty, while

"Hurrah, the dead can ride apace!"

was uttered in a sepulchral tone, with

which an inhabitant of the other world might have been supposed to address himself to his bride, when exulting in his newly acquired powers—

"Tramp, tramp, across the plain; splash, splash, across the sea,"

was repeated in that sort of wild hurry which the pressing occasion justified; and

"Moulder, moulder all away, till it became to tinder!"

subdued the voice of the reciter into something very little removed from a solemn whisper.

Although she had now heard it for the

ninety-ninth time, yet Miss Filmer was as powerfully affected as when it had first been recited in her presence; and blew her nose, and sobbed between every period, thus filling up the pauses, while her friend drew breath.

Mrs. Hambleton shuddered almost as much as when in danger of *sitting down* to table *with thirteen*; Dawson awoke from a transient slumber, and exhibited a striking likeness of Fuseli's night mare, as he listened, all astonishment; Sir Theodore said "The tramp, tramp, and splash, splash," showed noble horsemanship; Lord Maybury pitied poor Leonore; Miss Herbert said little; Sir Lionel now and then turned an

arch glance on Adriana, when a sudden start or frantic action of the reciting heroine more particularly appeared to demand attention; while Adriana pitied the woman who could make hereself so completely ridiculous; and when Mrs. D'Onolly, having finished the recitation, threw herself quite exhausted on an ottoman, and Miss Filmer hurried to her with the eau-de-luce bottle, she could not help comparing her to a poor bedlamite, who after a temporary fit of insanity, spent and worn out, resigns herself to an interval of torpidity!

Adriana was escorted to her chair by Lord Maybury, who said, as he

put her into it, pressing her hand, "May peace attend your slumbers; and may no distorted visions like those of Leonore disturb your fancy!"

CHAP. IV.

MR. Hartley was still out; and Adriana sought her pillow, but it was some time ere she could gain repose; and though the raving Leonore did not trouble her fancy, yet the romantic reciter of her history, with all the tones, the attitudes, and sentimental grimaces of her character, could not be forgotten immediately; neither the servile admirer of such nonsensical romance. The dancing and the driving heroes were too trifling for

her to have bestowed another thought upon them, but merely as they contributed to form a groupe in the circle of Lady Maybury's acquaintance.

Except the Herberts, and these had been of Adriana's introducing, she saw not an individual to whom Lady Maybury was known, whose acquaintance was worth keeping; and she saw it with sorrow; for Cicelia was so young and so inexperienced herself, that the sanction and countenance of a few respectable persons would have been of material advantage to her, both in forming her taste, her manners, and her character; as it was, Lady Maybury was dancing down the stream of folly, not daring to look back; Lord Maybury

aided and abetted in every mad pursuit; yet Adriana could perceive from her tète-a-téte with Lady Maybury in the morning, and from several other remarks which she had made, that Cicelia would have been as well pleased to have had *more* of Lord Maybury's society, even with *less* racketting; that she almost doated on her husband was evident; that *his* admiration was more qualified, was as obvious to one who watched them with fearful and penetrating eyes.

With pleasure Adriana saw that Lady Maybury had not at present the smallest propensity towards what is generally called flirting; and that while she received the attentions and gallantries of

other men with civility, there was not a word or look capable of being misconstrued in her behaviour. Not so his lordship; for though he *said* nothing which could be excepted against, yet the slightest word which he addressed to Adriana, was delivered with such an air of meaning, and such a display of interest, that she shuddered while she reflected on it; and aware of the libertinism of his principles, and the long-established profligacy of his character, she feared that he might be the cause of great uneasiness to herself; and of a misunderstanding, if nothing worse, between her and Lady Maybury.

Dawson had been so disguised by liquor, and in consequence so stupidly

quiet during the latter part of the evening, except when roused by the attacks of Maria Pemberton, and the fine display of Mrs. D'Onolly's terrific powers, that Adriana would have been well pleased on her own account, if he had always remained in the same state; only that the notion of their intended union was, she plainly perceived, very general.

Every person at table made way, so as not to separate Mr. Dawson from her; and several allusions and references in the course of the day, convinced her that it was generally understood to be a settled thing; and while her father sanctioned this report, and Dawson also, it was impossible for her to dis-

claim it; at least, her doing so would only be placed to the account of that prudery and insincerity by which the fair sex are usually conducted on these occasions. Candid and ingenuous, Adriana would have been above this shallow deceit; for the choice of her heart would be what her reason and judgment would sanction; and in that case she need not be ashamed of it; but here every delicate feeling of her soul was wounded at the bare supposition of her contemplating Dawson, for a moment, in the character of a husband; yet the event alone could disprove this, and that event would probably draw down on her the everlasting displeasure of her father. It was plain that Louisa Herbert had also heard the

general report; and the pitying looks, which were ever and anon cast on her, at the display of some narrow and illiberal opinion, or some vulgarism in Dawson; and the pains which Miss Herbert had then taken to draw off her attention, and to engage her in conversation, evidently proved that she still gave her credit for some feeling, though little delicacy, if she could suppose that she ever meant to accept him. Sir Lionel was under the same impression with his sister; and this had been strengthened, Adriana doubted not, in the morning, when he had seen her walking with Dawson. Sir Lionel's behaviour had certainly changed; he assumed a greater formality when he addressed her; he

scrupulously retired to a distance when Dawson advanced, except in the single instance, when his staggering gait, and disordered appearance proclaimed him to be under the influence of the bottle; and when the countenance of Adriana, at his approach, could not have been misconstrued; but at this moment the heightened attention of Sir Lionel had been rather distressing than otherwise, for it seemed as if he meant to console her under the mortification which he imagined she felt from perceiving the inebriation of her affianced husband, and her dread of his exposing himself.

Whatever way our heroine looked she saw nothing to chear her in the

the prospect; and the review of her situation, and of the manner in which the day had passed ended in mortification, disquiet, and apprehension.

The acute eagerness with which Mr. Hartley had sat down to a high stake at the whist table had not escaped her notice; his early departure seemed to have been generally understood by the company; and from something which fell afterwards from the lips of Lord Maybury and Sir Theodore Waring, Adriana had discovered that the scene of his nightly resort was at a club, who met expressly for the purpose of play; and that his lordship and Sir Theodore had both frequented it; Adriana had

feared that her father's nightly vigils would be thus accounted for; and though not surprised, yet she was greatly shocked at the confirmation of her suspicions; but, alas! her lamentations could be of no avail; her wishes were as futile, her anxieties were only known to herself; infatuated and self-willed, her father would refuse to hear her, even were she to speak to him on the subject; and every hour her fear of him grew stronger; every day her confidence in him decreased; and though she resolved to conduct herself towards him with the utmost respect, and to obey him in every thing which was not inimical with her principles; she yet lamented that *affection* did not form the foundation of this behaviour;

and while she rejoiced that the early notions of filial duty implanted in her mind, forbade her to act in opposition to them, yet there was a vacancy in her heart, a want of spirit in her best resolves, which told her, that though duty might exist independent of affection, yet the former lost all its sweetness by the separation.

In the course of Adriana's promenade the following morning, she met all those whom she had seen the preceding day at Lady Maybury's.

Captain Pierrepoint gave her an account of Mrs. Backlow's ball; and of

the pains he had taken to get the *point a pierre* danced in time. He declared Miss Reel had teazed him almost to death, for "she was so stupid, that he really believed she would give the wrong hand in the minuet, merely from not knowing right from left; "and yet," said he, "Lady Sarah, her mother, danced her minuet only the last season; but *some* people never will come to years of *discretion!*"

Mrs. D'Onolly walked up Milsom-street, leaning on Miss Filmer.—"Amiable and interesting Adriana, how are you?" said she, taking the hand of our heroine, and pressing it *tenderly* between both of her's; "Ah, I have been so overcome, so perfectly dissolved

by emotion—I have been at the theatre, attending the the rehearsal of my favorite play, 'the Stranger;' my favorite actor did the part;——I am sure with a sublime heroine of ancient date, I could cry—

"Then he would talk,—good Gods, how he would talk!"

Oh, how he speaks to the soul!—has he not an eye of fire, Miss Hartley."

"Of whom are you speaking, Ma'am?'

"Of whom,—of the brightest genius that ever trod the stage!—but, alas! I hear he is going from us; if he should I shall expire with anguish, for I exist only in the same atmosphere with him!—'twas he that taught me

how to give my thoughts the emphasis and expression peculiar to their originality; and will he now leave the being he has formed, to pine away life, unrefreshed by the balmy and soul-creating influence of his genius?"

"His wife dances very well," said Pierrepoint, "and is a very elegant figure."

"Talk not of *wives* or dancing, to a soul of sentiment!" said Mrs. D'Onolly, "even now I see the fixed look which he turned on Mrs. Haller; even now I hear the deep tones of his full and rounded voice;—my eau de luce, my dear Angelina, my eau de luce for mercy's sake!"

"You have *too* tender a soul to wit-

ness such distressing scenes," said Miss Filmer.

"I have indeed, my dear friend; but still they are excrutiatingly pleasing, even though they *rive* my bosom's inmate!"

"God bless you, dear ladies! sweet, worthy christians, bestow one half-penny upon a poor sailor, who has lost a leg and arm in the service of his king and country;—dear charitable ladies may you never know the want of a halfpenny.—God bless you, my dear sweet lady!—Heaven reward you!" and the maimed sailor bowed gratefully for the douceur which Adriana slily dropt into his hat, as he continued to

limp on with his wooden leg after Mrs. D'Onolly.

"For Heaven's sake lead me, sweet Filmer, from that disgusting, that loathsome spectacle; I shall faint if I cast my eyes again on that horrid *mutilation*:—Surely such harrowing objects should not be suffered to walk the streets!"

"No, indeed they should not, for they are quite public nuisances," said Miss Filmer, hastily pushing on her leaning companion, who seemed to have acquired fresh vigour at feeling herself pursued by a maimed and suffering sailor.

"Devil take you, fellow; there's a trifle for you, poor tar, for I see you've spoilt your *dancing*," said Pierrepont,

throwing sixpence into his hat.

"God bless your worthy honor!—Aye, my dancing is pretty well spoilt, but I'd make a shift to foot it a bit now, if I could hear that we had beat the French and taken *Boney* prisoner; I'd cry huzza for old England!" and he waved his hat in the air, and turned round, not trying to overtake the sentimental heroine and her companion, on whom he had discernment enough to discover his petition had no effect.

Sir Theodore Waring stopped his curricle on purpose to speak to Adriana; and, meanwhile, his famous *pawing* mare performed her accustomed num-

ber of taught evolutions, to the great fear of all the ladies who wished to cross the street (for Sir Theodore unformly pulled in his reins near the crossway,) and to the great gratification of the the charioteer, who, with delighted eyes, saw his display of skill thus manifested to Miss Hartley.

Lord and Lady Maybury both tried to persuade Adriana to go to the play; Sir Lionel Herbert at this moment joined them, (for it was in the pump-room) he heard her refusal; he also heard what Lord Maybury said to her a few minutes after,—"I have been calling on Dawson; he was but just up, and complains of an head-ache, and says *he* cannot be of our party to-night."

Adriana was silent; but she coloured red as crimson at perceiving that not only the eyes of Lord Maybury, but those of Sir Lionel also, were fixed on her countenance with suspicious scrutiny; knowing that they would misconstrue the nature of her emotion, she hastily turned from them.

Adriana had felt for Sir Lionel Herbert that sort of partiality which his evident superiority to the rest of the men to whom she had been introduced during her residence in Bath, seemed to justify; he had appeared to be pleased with her conversation, and to be willing to seize every opportunity of entertaining her, and giving her his sentiments and remarks on passing objects

and occurences; there was a point in his manner, and a severity in his ridicule which had not escaped her, and which had not rendered his society less pleasant; while there was a propriety in his deportment, and a justness and sense of right in all he advanced, which seemed to stem the tide of folly, and to place him above the common stamp of characters; his ill health gave him interest with a young woman of feeling; and his being the brother of Louisa Herbert (whose goodness of disposition, and mildness of manners, had been proverbial at Mrs. Villier's) was an added motive for our heroine to covet his good opinion; it is not therefore to be wondered if she felt a pang of regret at the idea of his imagining

her willing to become the the wife of Dawson; and, on perceiving, that under the influence of this imagination, his manners had stiffened into a formal civility, far removed from that friendly earnestness with which he had addressed her on his first introduction.

Mr. Hartley was from home when Adriana returned to dinner; and the remainder of the day she passed in a rational, though solitary, manner; in reading, in drawing, and in writing a little journal, with remarks which she fondly flattered herself would be read with indulgence and pleasure, if it could be seen by the Selwyns; and that even Mr. Falkland would feel some

interest in the perusal; but, alas! it would never meet their eyes; she had been restricted from conveying her thoughts to those who were most interested for her; who were most capable of giving her advice; and whose approving voices would encourage her to pursue every virtuous attainment; but Adriana had *another* motive to this attainment; a *motive* which she resolved should *never* leave her, or forsake her; and *this* motive taught her *silent submission*.

CHAP. V.

SUNDAY being a day of *rest*, Mr. Hartley was still on his pillow when Adriana went to church. She lifted up her heart in humble and pious devotion to the Giver of all Good; and she attended to the forcible and instructive discourse of the preacher, not with an *itching*, but a learning ear; eager to mark where she had been deficient in her duty and anxious to

tread in the path which was pointed out to her.

Lord and Lady Maybury, Maria Pemberton, and Dawson, seized on her at her return, and insisted on her going to the Crescent.

"All the world will be there; it is quite the scene of fashionable display," said her ladyship.

"What, there is one favoured spot to display it even on a Sunday?" said Adriana, smiling, as she suffered herself to be led; not feeling over anxious to join the promenade, yet unwilling to appear fastidiously singular in her notions.

It was a clear frosty day; the sun shone warm, and bright in this situation; and the pedestrians on the pavement, and in the fields, and the charioteers in the road, were almost innumerable. Sir Lionel and Miss Herbert were amongst the former; Sir Theodore Waring driving Captain Pierrepoint, amongst the latter.

Sir Lionel and his sister joined Lady Maybury's party; Sir Theodore drew in his reins to lounge on one side of his vehicle, and to talk, as soon as he espied them; while Pierrepoint recollecting something to say to Lady Maybury about the ball for the next day, jumped out of the curricle, apparently on this account, but in fact to show his ele-

gantly turned leg, and an agility and lightness in his spring which would not have disgraced the harlequin of Covent Garden.

"A fine morning, Miss Hartley," said Sir Theodore; "is this your *debut*, or have you been in the pump-room?"

"I came here, from church," said Adriana.

"From church! how good!" said Sir Theodore, "I hope you prayed for *me*, for I have been driving over Claverdon this morning."

"Yes, Sir Theodore took me up at my lodgings," said Pierrepoint, "and has given me a drive, which has been very refreshing, for I had a most stupid

touch of it with Miss Reel before I set off; I took her before she had breakfasted, but under the wide heavens there exists not a female form animated by less spirit; she has not the least spring in her joints, or flexibility in her muscles; she is like a dead weight under my hand;—she will *never* dance her minuet, I see that plainly; there is only one fortnight to the time; and though Mrs. ——— attends her three times a week, and I, to oblige Lady Sarah, give her every moment I can spare, yet I can foresee, that I must not venture to stand up with her;—if I do I shall commit myself for ever."

"She ought to be infinitely obliged to you I think, sir," said Sir Lionel, "when

you spare her that time which could be so much better employed."

"Better employed?—why as to that," said Pierrepoint, "in the service of the fair sex I always think myself profitably engaged."

"So you neglect the service of your Maker for the service of the fair," said Sir Lionel; "in some measure you may be right; you will not controvert that text of holy writ, 'No man can serve two masters.'

"I believe you mean to be severe, Sir Lionel, but *lame* me if I comprehend you," said Pierrepoint.

"I have heard a *lamer* excuse than ignorance pleaded for a neglect of duty," said Sir Lionel, turning towards Adriana, whose intelligent counte-

nance proclaimed her perfect comprehension of his meaning. "And *you* have remembered the seventh day, Miss Hartley?" said he.

"If you begin to repeat the commandments, I must fly for shelter to Lady Maybury, or I shall be *vapoured*," said Pierrepoint; "I have never said them since I was at school; but I recollect the beginning of the *third* to be just as you have given it."

"The *fourth* you mean, captain," cried out Dawson.

"True, true, 'tis all the same whether it be the third or the fourth."

"Exactly to those who keep neither," said Sir Lionel, turning away from this trifling character with disgust; who destitute of talents to make

him completely vicious *affected* to be more so than he was; and thought he should appear the quintessence of wit and spirit by declaiming all sense of religion.

Sir Lionel asked Adriana to what church she had been; she answered, with high encomiums on the preacher, and the devout and reverent manner in which the service was performed by the clergyman, and the attentive deportment of the congregation;—"And which when I considered them to consist of the gayest and most fashionable of the people who frequent this place, I thought a very grateful sight;" continued she "as it proved that the 'Pomps and vanities of this wicked

world,' had not entirely bereft them of their senses."

"There is great truth in this remark," said Sir Lionel; "and Bath has been always famous for crowded *churches*, and crowded *routs*; the devotees to religion are very frequently as great devotees to the card table; and the latter is perhaps pursued with closer attention than the other, because the losses and gains *there*, admitting a worldly calculation, are more suited to their worldly views."

"You are severe, as usual," said Adriana.

"Not indiscriminately," said Sir Lionel; "for I believe this city, considering the general tone of dissipation

which prevails in it, as a place of public and fashionable resort, contains as many religious and estimable characters as are to be met with in a less relaxed situation; but at the same time I think, that many an antiquated spinster and jointured dowager fly to the chapel or the church in the morning, with the rouge rubbed from their cheeks, to *quit scores* with their consciences, and confess the sins which they committed the preceding evening, in gaining the *odd trick;* they thus establish a sort of catholicism without a confessor; and they do penance for *one* hour in the morning, and return to the evening campaign of *four* or *five*, with renovated spirits, fresh red on their sallow cheeks,

and self-satisfied at having performed their *duty*."

"You are a harsh judge, Sir Lionel," said Adriana.

"Not in the least," said he; "I can only judge from what I see;—no earthly judge can do more;—another reason I can give you for ladies going to church—they kill time."

"They do not *kill* it, they *improve* it there," said Adriana, interrupting him with quickness.

"*You* do," said he, with emphasis; "but we will imagine a delicately-bred and idolized beauty, with all her charms falling into 'the sear, or yellow leaf,' or vanished intirely;—suppose her to have been trained for no earthly pur-

pose but to be *looked* at, age making rapid approaches, no resources within her own bosom, no chance of marrying, now that beauty, which was her only attraction, is fled; too weak in mind to read, too weak in body to walk, this poor vestige of what *once* was lovely comes down to Bath;—she soon learns to sit at the card table, with her *sister spectres* as long as they would have her; and because it is the fashion amongst them, and that she has no other method of *killing time*, she becomes a constant attendant at weekly prayers; but mistake me not, Miss Hartley, for I will again repeat that I am not lashing indiscriminately, and that I am not laughing at a fashion which I *venerate* and *highly applaud*. True piety I revere

and honor; and there cannot be a more delightful sight than the sincere devotion which is evinced both in the lives and actions of many amiable females in this place: I only wish that *all* who went to church were influenced by proper motives."

"They will there learn a religion of motives," said Adriana, "and will no doubt, 'if they came *for form* remain to pray!'—You see I have altered Goldsmith's line to suit my meaning."

"Others frequent the modern chapels to hear a popular preacher; and while an elegant sermon is delivered to them in a fashionable manner, and in a sonorous voice, they can patiently sit

half an hour, or even *forty* minutes, knowing that at the end of that probation they can transport themselves to this gay scene, and easily lose every serious thought in the circle of fashion; and yet," continued Sir Lionel, "by far the greater part of the clergy resident in this place are men of exemplary lives, of orthodox principles, and of great mental abilities; they have been the assertors and the champions of the religion of *that* church, of which they are worthy members; their zeal has kept pace with that of their opposing sect; and their writings have proved that their's is 'a zeal aided by knowledge, and while they have engaged in controversy, and waged a holy war with those who would promote schism and

dissention, and for this purpose have weilded those weapons of learning, and of deep theological research, with which their antagonists have for the most part been unfurnished, they have at the same time attended to the eternal interests of the humblest of their christian brethren; and have erected a church, and dedicated it to the meek founder of a religion which embraces all mankind; where the poor assemble in multitudes to hear the word of God delivered by able teachers who labour affectionately and earnestly for their instruction!—Such a congregation is a delightful sight; and I would recommend it to you, Miss Hartley, who are not as yet sophisticated by the world, to visit it."

"Indeed I will," said Adriana, with emotion; "and am much delighted to hear your animated eulogium on the clergy of this city."

"Amongst such a host of worthies," said Sir Lionel, "if now and then we should observe 'an eccentric being who forsakes his sphere,' we are inclined to pass him over in silence:—*Triflers* may always be met with in a crowd; and singing, dancing, driving, walking, fiddling, and card-playing parsons may be picked up, I doubt not, amongst the heterogeneous mixture of every water-drinking place; but invidious would that person be who over-looked the pious and the good, merely to hold up the careless and inconsistent to the public eye;—'Lights of the world, and

guides of the human race,' may be found in abundance; and neither the rich or the poor can *here* plead the want of instruction, or opportunity, in defence of a neglect of duty."

Louisa Herbert looked delightedly at her brother as he ended this speech; Lord Maybury said, "I believe you are preaching, Sir Lionel, for I hear many words of long syllables fall from your lips; and by the closeness with which Dawson keeps to the heels of Miss Hartley, it seems as if he would be one of your congregation; or perhaps he fears that you should make the lady your convert."

Sir Lionel seemed to understand this

as a hint for him to make way for Dawson; accordingly he fell back, and Dawson very coolly stept forward to the place he had vacated at the side of Adriana.

Pierrepoint had engaged the ear of Lady Maybury; the Pembertons snatched an opportunity of conversing with Sir Theodore, whenever he would let them, for many a circuit did the driving baronet make, and many a disappearance was succeeded by a return.

Mrs. D'Onolly at length made her appearance, reclining on her faithful Filmer.

"Good morning to you, Miss Hartley," said she; "How are you?"

Adriana returned the compliment in the usual way.

"I hope I shall be better; this fine frosty air may perhaps revive me, and brace my nerves."

"I think I saw you at the Abbey, Ma'am," said Dawson.

"No, sir."

"O, then perhaps I was mistaken, perhaps I was mistaken," said he, "but I saw some one in *just* such another *red* bonnet."

"The ruby, sir, is not confined to my individual adoption," said Mrs. D'Onolly, "though indeed I was the first who brought it out."

"O then it was my mistake,—it was my mis a e; beg pardon, ma'am:—I suppose you went to the octagon?"

"No, sir, Laura is the chapel I usually frequent; but I heard there was a charity sermon to be preached this morning, for the benefit of the hospital, or the infirmary, or some receptacle of *human misery*, and my feelings could not stand the description of unfortunate cases, which it almost *kills* me but to think of, and therefore I remained at home; besides I wished to arrange *my readings*.—Pray, Miss Hartley, are you engaged for this evening?"

Adriana answered in the negative.

"That is delightfully propitious to my wishes; but indeed I guessed as

much; for a stranger in Bath, you must be wholly unacquainted with the various little *inventions* which have been resorted to, by way of dissipating the dull *tedium* of this evening, and that come not within the reach of the police, and yet give a cheerful close to the day, quite parisian!—Have you any objection to attend my moral and sentimental reading *this* evening, Miss Hartley?—you will infinitely gratify me, and I think without vanity may be gratified in your turn. A select party will be convened together for the purpose of amusement and instruction; reading, reciting, and sweet converse, wear away the hours; we meet at eight, we *leave* at twelve; but I will just let you see my bill of fare for this evening;

open my *ridicule*, dear Filmer, I think you put them there."

Miss Filmer undrew the strings of a small bag of pink sattin, fringed with gold, which hung on her arm, (and which was yclept a *ridicule*) and put a sheet of paper into the hands of Mrs. D'Onolly, who, maugre the sneers and smiles of the company, who were continually passing and repassing, and who sometimes nearly overturned her *frail frame*, read as follows.—

The First Reading, Mrs. D'Onolly.

The Heloise of Mr. Pope:
("In these deep solitudes and awful cells.")

———

Second Reading by Mr. ———

The Eighth Elegy of Hammond:

"Ah, what avails thy lover's pious care."

THE SUBJECT.

"He despairs that he shall ever possess Delia."

Third, Miss Filmer's Recitation.

The Wolf King, or Little Red Riding Hood;

An Old Woman's Tale.

From Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder.

"The Birds they sung."

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE SECOND ACT

To begin with a Letter from Madame de Stael's inimitable Novel of Delphine.

The Subject—Divorces.

To be read by the Rev. Mr. ———

Second, Mrs. D'Onolly to read the last Letter of Werter in the original German of Goethe.

Third, a Recitation by the same Lady, from Mr. Lewis's Tales of Terror.

The gay Gold Ring

"There is a thing, there is a thing."

To conclude with a Manuscript Ode, in Four Parts, written by Mr. G——

The Subject—Suicide, Liberty, War, and Equality.

"I quench the Life-Blood at a Stab!"

Adriana could scarcely conceal the risible contempt which she felt at hearing such a farrago of extravagant nonsense lisped from the mouth of affectation.

She civilly declined the invitation, at which Mrs. D'Onolly started with surprise, and begged her to take home the bill of fare, and re-peruse it, as she was

confident she would alter her mind when she perceived the excellency of the selection.

"So good a one may not occur again this season," said she, "but I have now a few friends in Bath, who doat as much as myself on the works of the inimitable Madame de Stael, and it is for their gratification that the Reverend Mr. ——— reads the letter specified in the bill, which treats the subject of divorce in a most masterly manner."

"A clergyman ought to be the advocate for matrimony, not for divorce!" said Sir Lionel, who had gathered enough of Mrs. D'Onolly's conversation to

enter into its ridiculousness and absurdity.

"Oh, but Mr. ——— acts on *conviction*;—he is a convert to Madame de Stael," says Mrs. D'Onolly; "he says her arguments are unanswerable; and he has separated himself from his *ci-devant* wife, from the time when he was fortunate enough to peruse the *immortal Delphine!*—Sir Lionel, you will make one of us to-night?"

Sir Lionel bowed and declined.

"Mr. Dawson, I shall be happy to see you in my *charmed* circle."

"Thank ye, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am, but high dutch would be all one to me with your german, about which I know just as much as the man in the moon;

and shouldn't understand one single tittle."

"O, do go, Mr. Dawson," said Mrs. Pemberton, "you'll be vastly delighted, I assure you;—it is an exquisite species of entertainment."

"Well, ma'am, then I'll come, I'll come," said Dawson; who seemed to think what he said so well worth hearing that he usually repeated it.

Lady Maybury pleaded a previous engagement, having promised to attend Miss C——'s concert.

Captain Pierrepoint said he should stay only the first act at Miss C——'s, and then look in, and hear

the last act of Mrs. D'Onolly's recitation."

"What you still retain so much of the school-boy, Pierrepoint, as to keep the best to the last?" said Lord Maybury.

"Your lordship has most happily hit on my meaning; a *bonne bouche*, I must always esteem any entertaintainment of Mrs. D'Onolly's.

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul!" said Mrs. D'Onolly, smiling affectedly, and half-closing her eyes as she spoke.

Adriana declined the Sunday concert to which Lady Maybury offered to introduce her; she also refused the invitation of Mrs. Hambleten, who asked

her to go with her in a *snug* quiet way to Lady Huntingdon's chapel.

Her father left her soon after he had dined and she passed the evening alone.

CHAP. VI.

HAVING given our readers the history of one week's residence in Bath, we shall not weary either them or ourselves by following Adriana through the hackneyed and beaten track of every day's event, as the sameness of a Bath life is proverbial; and a week's routine of entertainment being gone through, the same circle must be retrodden on the one ensuing, and so the unvaried

round, revolves through the winter; we shall therefore merely give, in a general way, the history of the time which elapsed till the week after Christmas, a period which promised to be full of events, for the Monday was to commence with the master of the ceremonies' ball at the upper rooms, at which Lady Maybury was to dance her minuet; the Tuesday she was to give a grand rout; and for the Wednesday five hundred tickets had been issued for a masqued ball and supper.

As Mr. Hartley perceived that his daughter treated Dawson with civility, and as he understood that he was always of the same party in public, he had been more easy on the subject of his

addresses than Adriana could have imagined; and she began to hope that having had an opportunity of observing Dawson more intimately, he had perceived the total impossibility of such a union constituting her happiness.

Mr. Hartley spent all his evenings from home; and when he did not absolutely require her to join Lady Maybury's party to a place of public resort, or when he had dined out, Adriana had followed her own inclinations, and had remained at home.

She had plenty of employment; for added to her usual amusements of writing, reading, drawing, and music,

she had now found out a resource, which, while the interest she took in it stimulated her industry, and excited her genius, called forth all the generous feelings which glowed in her bosom, and which always rendered her happy when she could employ herself in the service of others; a poor and unfortunate family were benefited by the labour of her hands. Adriana had found a rapid sale for her ingenious trifles at the repository for female works; and the elegance of her designs in the little paintings which decorated her netting boxes, work baskets, and pincushions, with the neatness of execution, and the simplicity of taste, apparent in their fabrication, made them in general re-

quest; and Adriana's vanity might frequently have been gratified, when, on paying a morning visit, she had seen an article of her own manufacturing lying on the table, and heard it admired by the morning gossippers who came to pay their compliments; but a gratification of a superior kind was her's, when she had the power of giving a crown at a time to the object of her bounty, the widow of a chairman, who working beyond his strength the preceding winter, had fallen into a decline, leaving a wife and four children quite destitute; and though parochial relief, and private charity, had kept them from starvation, yet a thousand little comforts, which in such a situation may come under the denomination of luxuries,

were, by the means of Adriana, extended to these poor creatures, from whom they would otherwise have been withheld.

The patient endurance of the mother, and the clean manner in which she kept her infants, had first attracted the notice of Adriana. She had found out their dwelling, a garret in Walcot-Street; and was much struck with the appearance of contented, uncomplaining poverty which it exhibited. Her exertions for these poor creatures were unknown to them, though the fruits sweetened their existence, and in some measure that of their amiable benefactress also.—But, alas! human happiness is not without alloy; and

Adriana had felt a severe mortification, which was the more difficult to bear as she ought, because it came from a quarter where she least expected it.

Her intimacy with Louisa Herbert had been strengthening for some weeks; and her mild manners, and the gentleness of her disposition, had found the way to our heroine's heart; who overlooked the want of those shining qualities, which are calculated for *display*, for the mere sterling virtues which distinguished Louisa.

For Sir Lionel she felt the most undissembled preference, when she compared him with any of the men whom she had seen in Bath; and the style of

his conversation was adapted to her taste,—at once amusing and intelligent.

He always gave way when Dawson appeared, as if he feared to encroach on another's right; yet at other times he appeared to court her ear; and to be anxious to sit next her, and to render her any civility which lay in his power.

Adriana often wished to undeceive him through his sister, with regard to her imaginary preference of Dawson, as she was hurt that two persons whose good opinion she coveted, should fall into such mistake; but she remembered

that it was a delicate subject to enter upon; that she could not disavow her father's intentions; that Sir Lionel Herbert had no interest in the explanation; and that time would remove their *error*.

Sir Lionel left Bath about a month after our heroine's arrival.—The succeeding ball-night she, as usual, advanced on seeing Louisa Herbert walking up the room leaning on the arm of a lady, and held out her hand;—how was she shocked at perceiving the deepest hue of crimson dye Louisa's cheeks as she stiffly bent her head, and passed on; while her companion, a tall hard favoured woman, of about fifty years of age, while she drew up the harsh mus-

cles of her countenance, and her broad forehead knitted into a frown, never took off her acute grey eyes from Adriana's face, but pursued her with them, over the left shoulder, till she reached the top of the room, where, having looked all around her, as if she feared to sit on the same bench with a person of inferior consequence, she pulled up her gown from behind her, and placed Louisa at her side.

"For heaven's sake! what is come to Louisa Herbert?" said Lady Maybury, who had perceived the rebuff which Adriana had met with, although she had not been near enough to know if it was meant to extend to herself. "I

say, my lord," turning to Lord Maybury, "what can be come to Louisa Herbert?"

"*Her mother!*" said his lordship.

Lady Maybury smiled at his quick retort.

"Here you have a proof," continued he, "of the *ancient scotch blude*; I believe I told you before that her ladyship was a little singular in her notions; and will probably proscribe her daughter from shaking hands with Miss Hartley, till she is assured that she is not allied to any plebians, lest Miss Herbert should receive contamination from the contact."

"I pity the poor daughter," said Lady Maybury, "to be subject to such

absurd whims ; but I would not be in the list of such an old creature's acquaintance for all the world ; I am sure that horrible frown would fright me so that I should imagine the fabled gorgons and hydras were again starting into existence !"

Adriana said little ; but as she considered Louisa Herbert as the only young woman on whose friendship she could rely, and to whom she could apply for counsel or consolation in any case of emergency, she was severely mortified ; and after meeting her once or twice, and perceiving her to continue the same rule of behaviour, she tried as much as she could to avoid her, convinced that a

meeting was as unpleasant to one party, as to the other; and too generous to impute as the fault of Louisa, *that* which intirely sprang from the authority of her mother, who was always with her.

Miss Herbert had in the same manner dropped the acquaintance of Lady Maybury, who did not regret it like Adriana, for Louisa's character was not of the sort to attract Lady Maybury's regard; for the passive, or the silently amiable virtues, she seemed to have no predelection; she disliked what she called a common character; while any thing surprisingly witty, surprisingly odd, surprisingly beautiful, or surprisingly dull, amused her, and conse-

quently found an easy access to her circle

Adriana often wished that she could see that circle more circumscribed, and more select; but while it daily extended it seemed to exclude from its eccentric pale all that was sober and respectable; and while gamblers of both sexes, half-pay officers, withered beauties, petite maitres, Irish widows, younger brothers, and every amateur singer, dancer, spouter, declaimer, pedestrian, equestrian, and boxer, were on Lady Maybury's list; all that was decent and respectable seemed to side of from an introduction, as if by general consent.

With a variety of amiable qualities

Cecilia was thus neglected by the only society with whom she ought to have associated; and while she laughed and trifled with a worthless crew, Adriana believed there were some moments when she entered the crowded ball-room to drive off those thoughts which haunted her in solitude; for, alas! it appeared too evident that Lord Maybury was already become careless and indifferent towards his wife; and while she still loved him with the most empassioned tenderness, she was fearful of showing it to the world; and hid the secret throbbings of unrequited affection under the mask of levity, and an appearance of the most unthinking gaiety.

Mrs. Hambleton, who had discern-

ment enough to discover this, yet who dreaded to make known that discovery to her 'dear Cissy,' often vented the bitterness of her sorrow alone, and the bitterness of her troubled spirit on all the domestics in the house; she could hardly look on Lord Maybury with common patience, for she had been unused to the regulation of her temper, and had less dissimulation than most people; yet she was very much afraid of him, and awed and restrained in the *presence of a lord*; and while she fancied that she *could talk him over*, and *tell him* her mind, when she had him *to herself*, yet when the opportunity came, she was quite dumb. A thousand times she resolved to go back to Oakley, not being able to bear to see the *goings* on,

and the *unkindnesses*, aud the *squanderations*, in Bath; but then again she couldn't leave dear Cissy; and if she was to go, there would be nobody to lock up, and to mind the tea and sugar, and the silver spoons; and besides there was to be a masquerading and routing, and she was sure there would be occasion for *one head* in a family; for if she hadn't seen into the doings at Oakley, the time as Cissy gave her *feet* to her *friends*, she believed it would have been but a bad business of it.

Maria Pemberton was not quite so much with her "Dear Lady Maybury," as on her first coming to Bath; she

was still an inmate of her house, but the young lady was quite independent, and did not think it necessary to inform Lady Maybury every time she called at her *mother's*.

Adriana made some remarks in silence, on the behaviour of Miss Maria, and also on that of her mother and sister; it appeared to her very plain that they endeavoured to attract the attention of Dawson, whether they would be successful was uncertain. As their object must be his fortune, and as he had just come of age, and into the immediate possession of two thousand a year, independent of his father, Adrianawould have wished them to

be foiled in their mercenary views, *if* her own comfort had not been so immediately connected with the marriage of Dawson to any but herself; therefore as she *could* not feel disinterested, she watched their proceedings in secret; and was as much under the alternate influence of *hope* and *fear* as the fair Maria.

After Dawson had come of age, Mr. Hartley had appeared more eager than usual to throw him in Adriana's way; and thoughhe could not resolve to give up his own private and dangerous pursuits, in order to facilitate his wishes on this subject, yet in compliance with his absolute commands Adriana had been obliged to accompany Lady Maybury verey fre-

quently into public during the last fortnight; and the frivolous and worthless set by whom her ladyship was surrounded, the continued coldness of Louisa Herbert, whose manners had assumed the same reserve towards Lady Maybury as herself, the absence of Sir Lionel from Bath, and the marked gallantry of manner with which Lord Maybury constantly addressed her, all these had co-operated to make her heartily dislike the routine of a Bath life.

With the utmost economy and management she found that her purse became daily lighter, and knowing the straitened finances of her father, and the alarming manner in which he spent

his time, she dreaded to apply to him for a *reinforcement*.

Nothing was now talked of by Lady Maybury but her masquerade; five hundred tickets had been issued, and as her ladyship's acquaintance did not extend to that number in Bath, of course her party could not be select; *all* were to appear in character, at her express command, and this had been inserted on the tickets of admission; so that many had a chance of coming who could sustain their parts for a night, and behind a mask, who might have been refused admittance, *even* by Lord and Lady Maybury, in open day.

Adriana had too little confidence to

dwell on the prospect of this entertainment with pleasure; she had desired to be excused from attending it, but this neither Lady Maybury or her father would hear of; and she was studying to appear in some character, which, from being common and simple, might enable her to pass without much observation. At first she thought of putting on the habit of a quaker, but her principles revolted against the semblance of any peculiar religion to draw down ridicule upon it, or to make it the vehicle for mirth; she had therefore framed the dress of the humblest peasant; a russet gown, a white apron, a modest round-eared cap, and a small staw hat; such an attire as she had frequently remarked in the church of Hartley; such a garb

as Dame Palmer had worn 'till poverty had rendered it of motley hue, and various pieces.

CHAP. VII.

LADY Maybury would not be told even the dress of Adriana, because she imagined that in finding out her acquaintances would exist all the pleasure of the evening.

The suite of rooms on the first floor of the house was laying out under the inspection of a man of deep *masquerade* knowledge, who had been

summoned from London for the purpose; and laurel groves, and painted lamps, and twinkling stars, were to surround about twenty card tables on *one* evening; and on the next were to *shade* and to light, pilgrims to their shrine, nuns to their cells, shepherdesses to their flocks, turks to their seraglio's, and goddesses to their gods!

But a severer trial than the masquerade awaited our heroine; Mr. Hartley had insisted on her dancing a minuet at Mr. ———'s ball; she had intreated to be spared from attempting, what she was convinced she could never perform with any tolerable degree of self-command; she represented her being out of practice for many months,

but he refused to hear a word on the subject, and ordered her to obey him on pain of his displeasure ;—there was no alternative, and Adriana was obliged to submit in silence, though she feared it would be utterly out of her power to dance, but the attempt must be made.

While preparing to put on an elegant dress for the ball, bespoken by Mr. Hartley of Miss H———, and which Adriana wished had been less expensive, and more simple, the following letter from Louisa Herbert was put into her hand.

Monday Morning.

"I cannot leave Bath, dear Adriana, (for I must still call you by

that beloved appellation) without addressing a few lines to you, and sending my warmest wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me they are most sincere, however recent appearances may have been against me. In order to exculpate myself I will not accuse another; Lady Herbert is not acquainted with you; she does not know your virtues, and your numerous excellencies; and particular in her ideas, and strict in her notions of filial obedience, she deems it improper for her daughter to form an intimacy without her knowledge. These notions she early rooted in my breast. My mother is very good to me; and though I lament her prejudices, I dare not run counter to them, except in the instance

of bidding you farewell, which I do with a heavy heart, for heaven only knows when we may meet again.—How I wish that Sir Lionel had returned here before we quitted the place; I am sure he would have argued with her ladyship, and have made her a convert to his own enthusiastic opinion of Miss Hartley.

"God bless you, my dear girl; think of me with candour, and assure yourself that you will always have a portion of my warmest regard.

LOUISA HERBERT."

Adriana shed tears over this letter, which while it gratified her feelings melted her heart; she had now been

long unaccustomed to the words of kindness and true friendship; they were doubly grateful on that account; but they were at the same time doubly affecting from the thoughts that they were the last she should receive.

While in a moment she seemed to pierce into the prejudices of Lady Herbert, she remembered the conversation which she had overheard at Oakley, which seemed always ready to rush into her memory in a moment of distress, as if to render her feelings more poignant.

Yes! it was evident Lady Herbert did not think the daughter of *Mrs.* Herbert, a proper companion for

a young woman of unblemished reputation.

"Oh, my mother! my lost, my misguided mother!" cried our weeping heroine; "and could you have reflected a moment, could you have imagined at the hour when you madly rushed on your own destruction, that it would be the fate of your daughter; your innocent, your guiltless daughter, to bear the stigma of your dishonour through her life? Did you reflect that while pure in herself, she would yet be tinged by, and bear the opprobrium of your crime?—Oh, no, no, no, you knew not the ills that you were preparing for your offspring!" From this

apostrophe Adriana was roused when she compared her own situation to that of her mother's; when she recollected the difference between conscious guilt, and a consanguinity with the guilty; when she remembered that she could bear the review of her own actions, while her lost parent must *dread* to turn her thoughts inward, in a moment her own disquietude appeared trivial; in a moment the sanguine hopes of her truly filial heart were afloat, and she was imaging a beautiful scene of contrite penitence, which would amply repay her for a thousand times worse than she had suffered; when she recollected that it was time to dress herself for that trial, to encounter which

her recent agitation had rendered her very unfit.

Adriana met Lady Maybury, her lord, the Pemberton's, and Dawson, in the lobby, at an earlier hour than usual; Mrs. Hambleton was also of the party this evening, in order to see 'Cissy dance her minuet;' and had placed a lappet on her own head, which rendered it not improbable that she might also be taken for a candidate for the hand of Captain Pierrepoint.

The company were seated round on the benches as our party walked up the room; and the light airiness and spirit of Lady Maybury's figure, the elegance

of her Grecian costume, and the thin folds of her drapery, formed such a contrast to the yellow sack back of her short antique looking aunt, that a general buz and titter affected the whole room, while perfectly unconscious, the object of their mirth bustled on, her full damask just touching the ground, rustling after her, and distended by its stiffness, as though she had called whalebone to her aid.

Lady Maybury, 'nothing loth,' was led out, and danced the first minuet with Captain Pierrepoint; pleased with her partner, nd gratified at seeing all eyes turned towards her, she had never looked more elegantly; and even Miss —— was heard to remark that 'Lady

Maybury's was a decent minuet.' Lord Maybury seemed gratified also at hearing her praises, as they resounded from all quarters; and when Captain Pierrepoint led her to him he bestowedon her a smile, which was more pleasing to Cecilia, spite of her natural vanity, than all the homage which she had received elsewhere.

But how was our heroine confused and surprised, when on the master of the ceremonies advancing to take her out, Lord Maybury desired the honour of dancing the minuet with her; Captain Pierrepoint at the same moment leading out Miss Reel. Lord Maybury stood at the top of the room with

Adriana; who, though almost fainting with timidity and fear, yet struggled with herself, unwilling that his lordship should imagine that she wanted either support or courage from him. Naturally graceful in her motions, though her timidity was evident, yet it did not give her the appearance of awkwardness; while the elegance and grace of Lord Maybury's performance, and the assistance which she could not fail to derive from his easy and ready address, made her perform much better than she could have expected; and she was near the conclusion, when the profile of a lady, whose countenance was half-shaded by a veil, accidentally caught her eye; she held a smelling bottle to her nose, and was bending forwards as

as if to observe Adriana without being noticed in return; the lines, the contour of the face resembled her mother! her legs trembled, her knees smote each other; she caught hold of Lord Maybury's arm, and he led her staggering to a seat;—she again looked towards that part of the room where she had seen the lady, but she was there no longer; and answering to the reiterated enquiries of Lord Maybury that she was better, she accepted his assisting arm to join Lady Maybury, who received her with a cold civility, for which Adriana did not try to account,—her whole thoughts were bent towards the lady; and while her eyes were continually wandering round the room to

try to gain another glance, she acknowledged the very great improbability of her mother's coming to a place where she was sure of meeting a husband from whom she had fled, and who was still resolved to revenge himself on Mr. Harcourt if ever they should meet again.

But still the idea haunted her; and she had no ears for Captain Pierrepoint's sarcasms on Miss Reel's minuet, she had no eyes when the Miss Pembertons danced theirs, she had no answers to the questions of Dawson, she could scarcely be commonly civil for Lord Maybury's attention; till towards the end of the evening she discovered

a lady dressed in a similar way to the one she had before noticed; and from the stile of her features, she imagined that the bend of the head had given her a resemblance, which had so alarmed her; but exhausted by her exertion in dancing, and by her subsequent agitation of mind, Adriana returned home before the rest of the party, and felt relieved when she laid her head on her pillow.

But such was the influence of her imagination, that she could not be easy the next morning till she had looked over the pump room books; but perceiving that Harcourt was not amongst the list of new arri-

vals, she felt assured that she had been mistaken the preceding evening.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. Hartley attended Lady Maybury's rout; and was seated for the evening with three persons, who like himself, seemed to confine their whole attention to the narrow compass which lay before them; and who were alike deaf to scandal, dulness, or wit.

The crowd was immense; and Adriana was much amused at seeing

the eager avidity with which the old ladies fastened on a beau as she entered, and almost forcibly put him down to their table, thus easing the mistress of the house of half her trouble; and the pains which the smart misses took on the contrary, to keep all the *men folk* to chat to them, as they lounged on the sofa's and ottomans, declaring their utter detestation of cards; and by their giggling mirth, discomposing all the silently *scientific* whist players.

Dawson, to oblige Lady Maybury, sat down to play a rubber of whist; he knew nothing of the game, and tried the temper of his partner, and lost his money; he rose in a hurry from the

table, holding a pack of cards in his hand, and declaring he would play no more.

He advanced to Adriana, and throwing the cards into her lap, he said "There, Miss,—there—that's all I've got for—let me see, five times five is twenty-five, and two is twenty-seven,—yes, twenty-seven shillings;—there, that's *all* I've got to show for it, and you are welcome to 'em, for they are no manner of use to me."

"I don't understand you," said Adriana, picking up the cards; "I am not going to play."

"Nor I," said Dawson.

"But you will give *me* leave to, sir," said his partner, an old lady, who

had followed him across the room, "and try to get back some of my money, which was lost in the most *unheard* of manner; no luck can stand it in that manner, if people don't know hearts from diamonds, and talk of their *one by honours*; but, however, this is all losing time; will you be so good, sir, as to let me have the cards, for there is no reason why *I should* not play, though *you* do not."

"*You* may play with all my heart, ma'am, but not with *my* cards;—I have bought 'em, and I have paid for 'em, and I have made 'em a present to this lady."

"Grant me patience! your's, sir, how came they your's?—Heaven defend me from such ignorance!—Your's

indeed!—Are you Lord Maybury? how then should the cards be your's?"

"How!—why have'nt I bought 'em?" asked Dawson; "Didn't you *yourself*, tell me over there to put down two shillings, and didn't I ask for what, and didn't you say 'twas to pay for my cards, and if I buy and pay for a thing isn't it mine?—to be sure it is, and I have given 'em to this lady."

"Law bless me, what total ignorance."

"No, no, madam, *your's* is the ignorance and the *dishonesty* too, I think," said Dawson; "to come, to go after me for the cards, when I paid you the money you asked, and that too at the very first word, though I must say, I *thought* it very hard to be made to pay

down for a thing I didn't want; but, however, I've made them a present to Miss here; and they may serve you know, Miss Hartley, just for an hour or two at Christmas time."

Adriana now said, "I believe, Mr. Dawson, you are under some mistake; I have heard that it is the rule here to deposit some money under the candlestick to defray the expence of the cards played with, as they are usually provided by the servants."

"A very queer shabby way;—here take the cards back again, my old glum one; and d'ye hear, never bother me again about paying for things that I must not keep,—but the next time say at once,—sir, you are to put down two shillings here, to pay for the

pleasure of losing five and twenty,—five and twenty shillings!—Lord help me, how the old squire would stare if he had heard of my losing so much all at once,—and at cards too,—which he calls the devil's books; and well enough he might open his eyes at it, for two thousand a year will be gone in a *giffee* if this is the way, won't it, Miss;—pay for your cards indeed,—*I say* pay!"

Adriana walked away from this *moving* recapitulation of losses, and left it to Maria Pemberton to hear the recital a second time, who, by her pitying countenance and well-timed interjections, seemed to enter into

them with the true spirit of sympathy.

Lord Maybury had joined a party at a whist table, of whom Mrs. D'Onolly made one, the faithful Filmer still at her elbow; and the constant attendant declared to Adriana that she was anticipating the most cruel and delicate species of distress, as she found that she *must* be separated from her adored Mrs. D'Onolly the next evening, for that it had been judged necessary for them to assume distinct characters, to avoid detection, as their figures and height, being seen together, would easily be recognised.

"You *do* mean to assume a *distinct*

character," said Lord Maybury to Miss Filmer, in a tone which seemed to say, 'is it possible.'

"Yes," said Mrs. D'Onolly, "we shall part for a few hours, for the *first* time since the birth of our friendship!" and she gently pressed the hand of Miss Filmer, who raised the white hand of Mrs. D'Onolly to her lips.

From such a sickening scene Adriana turned disgustedly away; and could have exclaimed with a favourite poet, 'The rout is folly's circle,' when she recollected how much friviolity, selfishness, affectation, and levity, she she had witnessed.

Mr. Hartley went to his club after

he quitted Lord Maybury's, and Adriana saw him no more till the next day at dinner, when he talked to her of Dawson in a manner which seemed intended to announce his design of uniting her to him very speedily. Though awed by the decisive and peremptory tone in which her father spoke, yet after struggling for a moment with her fears, Adriana threw herself at his feet;—"My father! my dear father!"—

"Adriana, my romantic daughter!—Is this the rehearsal of that masquerade part which you are to perform this evening in full assembly?"

"And will you not hear me, sir?"

"And will you not rise, Ma'am?—Rise, I say, Miss Hartley, (assuming

a more serious tone) rise, I say, and and hear me!—I have determined on your marriage with Dawson; there is *no* alternative between *that* and ruin!—which is it probable I should prefer,—my daughter's advantageous disposal and settlement for life, or becoming a beggar!—perhaps confined in a jail!—at best oblige to fly my country!—my creditors are daily pressing for the sale of the Hartley estates;—I am obliged to entreat them to be patient, for I *dare* not dispose of them till you have married Dawson, lest the old man should discover the real state of my affairs; judge then if every wish of my soul must not urge me to expedite your union. Dawson is well pleased with you; you must not expect him to pay

you fine compliments, or *make love* to you, as it is called; it is not in his nature; but I dare say he will treat you very well, and that you will be very happy."

"Happy, sir?" said Adriana, "if I thought the sacrifice to which you would urge me, could insure your happiness, that might be something;—but, alas! my father, you are deceived if you imagine that the scenes in which you love to abide, will ever yield you any solid satisfaction."

"I am not deceived," said Hartley, "I am capable of judging for myself without applying to my daughter for advice, though she must minister to my comforts, as is her duty."

"Then *do* not send me from you," said Adriana, "I would always be

about you, and by all that respect and duty can devise, would try to make you happy."

"A mighty pretty piece of profession;—no, Miss Hartley, you have only to marry Dawson to convince me of your respect and duty; I can *dispense* with your *scrupulous attendance* and *constant vigilance*, for this small effort in my favor."

"Small! my dear papa!"

"Yes, *small*, Adriana; it must certainly require *great* resolution for a young lady to step into her own carriage, and into the immediate enjoyment of two thousand per annum, and the expectation of at least six thousand more;—a truce with your childish ar-

guments ;—go to your room, and attire yourself for the masquerade ;—remember I hear no more vain expostulations.—A pleasant night ;" and Mr. Hartley rose and opened the door to Adriana, and took her by the hand, and bowed as she passed him. This politeness appeared mockery to Adriana; tears streamed down her cheeks, and another evening she decorated her person with a heavy heart. Her father had never been so decisive before ;—she knew not what she could do, but she thought that nothing could tempt her to sacrifice herself to Dawson. Her eyes were swollen and inflamed with the bitter tears she had shed, and the mask was of real use in hiding her disordered appearance. The lightness of Adriana's

figure was set off by the close simplicity of her habit, which had all the neatness of a quaker without its stiffness.

CHAP. IX.

A great many masks were already arrived in the Crescent when our heroine made her appearance; and the numerous lights, the sparkling, and many coloured lamps, the buz of the company, and the grotesque appearance of their various forms and characters, made her for some time as much a rustic in reality as she had feigned herself to be. She dreaded being accosted; and

standing aloof from every one, tried to elude observation, while she rallied her scattered senses.

The first object that arrested her attention was a female figure, arrayed in the black robes and long veil of Heloise, a rosary round her neck, a cross at her girdle; she held a letter in her hand; and as she walked slowly over the apartments she repeated—

"Yet, yet I love!—from Abelard it came,
"And Heloisa yet must kiss the name!"

There was no mistaking this lady, for there did not exist another female whom Adriana could imagine capable

of assuming the character of Heloise, except Mrs. D'Onolly.

" In fruitless penitence, I wear away
" Each tedious night, and sad revolving day !"

" Poor lady, poor thing, 'tis very *wisht*, very *wisht* indeed," said a mask, who had taken the dress of a housekeeper, and had a large bunch of keys suspended at her apron string, and whose voice and manner proclaimed her to be Mrs. Hambleton; she had no idea of any person's entering so feelingly into the spirit of the character which they adopted, and therefore imagined Heloise to be insane.

" How happy is the blameless *rustic's* lot,
" The world forgetting, by the world forgot;

" Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
" Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
" Labour and rest, their equal periods keep,
" Obedient slumbers!—"

And Heloise seized the hand of our heroine; Adriana struggled to disguise her voice, as she answered, " In all situations, exertion and content form the best ingredients for happiness; but neither my abilities or my education fit me for partaking in your fine conversation;" so dropping a curtesy in character, she quitted Heloise.

A pilgrim, clothed in russet weeds, and leaning on a staff, now approached Adriana; and in a feigned voice, yet

with much expression, sung the following words:

"Oh, Nanny, wilt thou go with me?
"Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
"Can silent glens have charms for thee?
"The lonely cot, the russet gown!
"No longer clothed in silken sheen,
"No longer deck'd in jewels rare;
"Say canst thou quit each courtly scene,
"Where thou art fairest of the fair?"

He paused, and reclining on his staff, seemed to await Adriana's answer.

"Say," resumed he, "canst thou quit all these, fair maid, and return again to solitude?" He evidently spoke in a smothered voice.—Adriana's heart fluttered, she knew not why, at this appeal.

"You *doubt* whether you can," said the pilgrim.

"No I do not doubt,'" said Adriana, speaking unconsciously in her own voice; "I speak with certainty."

"What do you say? with certainty," asked the pilgrim; "I charge you beware of a hasty judgment."

"My judgment in this respect has long been fixed," said Adriana; "with the utmost pleasure I would return to the country to-morrow morning."

"Probably you would, if you could take a companion with you into your retirement; what say you to a certain young gentlemen, the heir to a very large fortune, who we shall in all probability see in the course of this night's

adventures;—*he* would constitute thy happiness."

"No he could not, indeed he could not!" said Adriana; who had first stept into her own voice, and was now stepping into her own character.

"He has plenty of this world's goods," said the pilgrim.

"Perhaps he may," said Adriana; "but we are talking very unfairly; you appear to know me, while I am wholly unacquainted with you."

"You reap no disadvantage from this, lady; you could reap no advantage from my discovering myself; a poor pilgrim like me, is a harmless and inoffensive being, incapable of injuring any one, much less an innocent country girl, for whom, however strange and impro-

bable it may appear, he feels a sincere and firm friendship!"—the pilgrim heaved a sigh, and continued—"I *know* you, lady;—I shall hope to see you frequently in the course of this evening's pilgrimage; and I will from time to time disclose any intelligence which I may gain concerning you;—for the present farewell."

"Adieu, sir!" said Adriana, making a simple obeisance; and perceiving a stage coachman, and a french dancing master, eyeing her, who by their manner, and the style of their conversation, to say nothing of the characters they had adopted, she immediately discovered to be Sir Theodore Waring, and Captain Pierrepoint.

The latter had his hair frizzled, curled, and powdered most extravagantly; silver frogs adorned his blue sattin coat, his ruffles touched the ends of his fingers, and his pink stockings, embroidered with silver, set off his fine-shaped leg, while his light dancing shoe was almost covered by a large and dazzling pair of paste buckles; a violin was on his arm, tastefully decorated with lilac ribbons; and he played 'minuets and *contra-da-a-nce*,' and cried, 'one, *too*, *tree*, *ju-ump*;' and amused himself with the pasgrave. While with a coat of thirty capes, a round hat, a dozen under waistcoats, a large *bolster* at his chin, tight buckskins, a nosegay in his bosom, and a long lashed whip in his hand; and with the help of hallooing, swear-

ing, and whistling, Sir Theodore informed the *whole* company, that he drove the Bath Mercury, from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, to the White Hart Inn in Bath ; and that he always treated the passengers, both inside and out like gemmen ;—" *becase* why I'm a *gemman* myself."

Many were the attacks which Adriana received on her rustic appearance, from facetious monks, from quakers who understood the *slang* of fashionable life, and from Spaniards whose whole gravity consisted in the cut of their masks, and the size of their mustachios.

Adriana was ruminating on what the pilgrim had been saying to her ; at first

she thought his address somewhat singular, till she recollected that the report of her intended marriage with Dawson was very public; that she had discovered herself by her voice and her manner, and that she might impute all he had said, not *to his* penetration, but to her own simplicity and total ignorance of the species of amusement in which she bore a part.

The coachman accosted her;—"You seem to be standing there young woman all alone by yourself,—do you want a lift to Lunnon town?—I'll take you up by me, and we'll off in the crack of a a whip," and he made a noise with it, which made Jews, Turks, and Infidels, start; he then sang in a most *coach-*

man-like style, the following words, pointing in the first place to the parisian dancing master who was still drawing out sweet sounds from his cremona.—

"You may feast your ear with a fife or drum;
"With the catgut tickle, or the wire strum;
"But next to the smack of a pretty girl's lip,
"The music for me is the smack of the whip.
"With my ding dong, dash along, heigh gee-ho."

And then again crack went the whip, as he seized the hand of Adriana, and said "Come, come, little Jenny, come up with the coachee, and he'll show you Lunnon town."

Adriana struggled to be released from

his rough gripe, while the dancing master said "Fidons, fidons, monsieur coachee, mam'selle does not like to see Lun-*ton*; come, come, *dancez* a a little bit with me, mam'selle, I'll teachee you,—and you shall be my *chere amie*,—and then I'll sing thus—

"The merry *da-ance* I dearly love,
"For then Jeannette thy hand I seize,
"And *press* it too whene'er I please."

Come, come now, miss, now try with me," taking her hand, "one, *too*, *tree*, *ju-ump*."

"I thank you," said Adriana, trying to assume courage, and a manner in character, "but *your* dancing does not

suit with the fashion of our village; and I should get laughed at if I brought home any new fangled airs with me from Bath."

"That's right, that's right! well said, little Jenny!" vociferated the coachman; "give the *go-by* to the dancing master, and come along to dainty Lunnon town with coachee!"

"Not so," said Adriana; "I have no wish to see *more* sights; what I've seen here in Bath will last me my life."

"But you must.—you shall go with coachee," said Sir Theodore, pulling her violently by the arm.

"*Not* while there exists a valorous knight ready to step to the rescue of an injured damsel!—Lady, in honor of *that* renowned fair, the Princess Dul-

cinea del Toboso," said a tall and spectre-like Don Quixote,* armed cap-a-pee, as was that adventurous hero; "Lady, in honour of her that is now no more," and he lifted up his hand, "I will guard thee from that gaunt Herculus, yclept a charioteer; and from that puny pigmy dwarf, who would win thy ear by sounds of amorous cat-gut:—Avaunt! ye bold unlicensed hands;—here, lady, sit,

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* It was after the Authoress had brought Don Quixote on the Stage, she recollected that such a a Character had appeared at the Masquerade in Madame D'Arbley's inimitable Cecilia, but as nobody will suspect the present Writer of *imitating that* Work, when they shall have *read these* Pages, she lets the Knight remain.

while here your self-created knight keeps guard around you ; I am the centinel ;—no unworthy bold invader shall presume to step across this measured distance, but friends, but vestals, nymphs, and holy priests, shall have free access to thy much prized converse," and he seated Adriana on a Turkish cushion ; and having counted twelve paces, drew his sword, and reclining on it, his tall skeleton figure looked like the ghost of the departed knight more than like a being of humanity.

Placed in security, though in perfect ignorance with respect to her defender, Adriana sat in mute silence, yet not unmindful of what was passing, and in-

dulging many conjectures with regard to the *real person* of him who stood before her as the knight of La Mancha; Lord Maybury first glanced to her mind, with a feeling of disgust at his having singled her out as the object of his persecution, but the knight was much taller, and far more slender than his lordship; Sir Lionel Herbert was not in Bath, otherwise she should have imagined that he was personating the character, as to no one else with whom she was acquainted did the height or form at all correspond.

"Art thou dumb, fair lady?" asked the knight, "Dost thou exist under the malicious influence of some fell enchanter? and dost thou dread to break thy

silence lest thou shouldst lose thy life ?"

"No, Sir Knight," said Adriana, "we know nothing at all of enchanters in Devonshire; we work all day, and sleep all night; we dread nothing so much as idleness; we are well pleased to be employed; we are happy when our work is ended, though we begin again with renewed satisfaction."

"Ah, how totally inimical is such a life to that of a lady who moves in these gay scenes."

"Totally indeed," said Adriana; "I have often made the comparison."

"And where, oh, peerless damsel, lovely yet concealing thy pearl of unparalleled beauty from all mortal eyes,

and where did the scale preponderate."

"Vanity is very light," returned Adriana, gaily.

"True, most wise lady; and virtue being the *substance* of all good things soon weighs down her adversary."

Light and tasteful drapery, a sparkling zone, redundant tresses of hair, disposed in a thousand fantastic forms, a cap and bells, and the sprightly yet 'wildly devious step,' announced the approach of the goddess of Folly.

"Oh, rustic nymph, guarded by a dragon of worse than Hesperian form!" said she—

" Come with me, and we will go,
" Where mirth and whim for ever flow ;"

" Where mortals have ceased to think, and are therefore happy ; where they are for ever varying their appearance and their pursuits, and are therefore never overcome by ennui.—I have taught my followers the secret of turning day into night ; we rise with the owl, and *we* " make pitchy darkness bright noon-day.'—Look at this illuminated palace of enchantment ; here I hold my magic sway, here I receive my subjects, and here they own my power."

" Hie from us, sorceress !" exclaimed Don Quixote ; " talk not of a power arbitrary as thine ; the unhappy mor-

tals whom though hast enthralled, intoxicated by thy artful blandishments, are rushing down the stream of what *thou* falsely callest pleasure, but it brings them not one moment of solid satifaction; ask thy own heart, oh, versatile spirit of whimsicality, whether *thou* hast derived any enjoyment from that empire which thy ambition had so long panted after; hast thou ever performed any acts of heroic virtue, that thou darest thus with thy conspicuous cap and bells, awe into silence an innocent rustic maiden like this tender damsel, who under simple guise may doubtless conceal the lovely and illustrious features of some princess, who escaped from the public eye of curiosity, by this innocent disguise en-

shrines her beauties from the eye of man."

"Oh, thou mock heroic knight of most woeful countenance and delirious brain!" returned the goddess, "thou knowest not that at this very moment thou art as great an enthusiast at my altar as any one of that revelling crew, who join the mazy dance; thy eccentricity alone is a proof of thy deference to Folly."

"Misguided lady!—*I* pay deference alone to virtue; virtue in the *humblest* garb is still the object of my worship," and he bowed his head to Adriana.

"Ah, continue thy delirious enthusiasm; bow to virtue, and to *windmills*, and fancy a pewter bason Mambrino's

helmet; I'll go to other scenes, and other beings; I'll go where I can raise the laugh, and point the sprightly turn of thought; let rustic ignorance, and *cowled* and vizored enthusiasm, say as they please, *Folly* shall still exert her dominion in *her* own *rightful* territory, a masquerade!—Once more, what say you, 'neat handed Phillis,' shall I initiate you into the customs and forms of my realm?"

"I thought *Folly* had no forms," said Adriana; "and once when I went to a play, I heard one Lord Townly say to his lady (who seemed to be one of your goddess-ship's acquaintance) that 'custom was the law of fools,' and I never wished to be governed by it."

"Thank you," said Folly, shaking her bells, "I know you now, and am convinced that I preach in vain, for that *you* can always resist the attacks of Folly!" and with a laugh, which proved the goddess to be Lady Maybury, even if Adriana had not before suspected it, she whirled away, and, meeting the French dancing master immediately joined him in a lively reel.

A tall broad beavered quaker, of awkward appearance, walked up the room, a nun leaning on his arm.

"Coach, your honour?" and the coachman cracked his whip as loudly as before, "all the way to Lunnon,

your honour, for five and twenty shillings?"

"You may go along, sir, without us," said the quaker; "I say, sir, you may go along without us, we are not going your way."

"You should say *thou*," said the little nun in a whisper.

"Aye, so I should, so I should;—*Thou* Mr. Coachman may drive along without us."

"Not Mr. quakers never say Mr. but friend," said the prompting nun.

"And I'm heartily glad I an't to be troubled with you," said the coachman, "for such a lot of *articles*, I never saw before; overturn me if I know where I should have stowed you!—Good bye, friend broad-brim;

here I go, 'Ding dong, dash along, heigh gee-ho! gang on ye light weights!" and he cracked his whip in the ears of the nun and the quaker, who flying away from his noise, seated themselves on a sopha in a niche, under the statue of Minerva; whether the goddess of wisdom inspired them is uncertain, but the pilgrim was seen attentively listening to their conversation, wrapped up in his weeds, and partly concealed from their notice by the surrounding niche, and busily employing himself (as it appeared) in counting his beads.

Adriana saw Mr. Dawson under the garb of the quaker, the form and the

flippancy of the nun had both announced her for Maria Pemberton ; and the spirits of our heroine rose as she perceived the close tête-a-tête to which these opposing characters had retired to another part of the room ; the quaker's broad brown beaver seemed to form a shade for the long veil of the nun, and his head was constantly bent down, as though he feared to lose a syllable of the nun's confession.

Heloise slowly glided by them, and looking at the nun, said, in the true interrogating tone of theatrical recitation, as she swept her sable trappings through the room,—

"What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?"

A Belvedere Apollo now addressed himself to Don Quixote; and, in a well-worded speech, desired to be introduced to the lady whom he protected with such jealous care.

"And dost thou think thy outward form and fair proportion entitle thee to such an introduction?" asked Don Quixote; "knowest thou not that the fairest form may enclose a heart of the blackest deceit? hast thou nothing to recommend thee but thy fair exterior? hast thou no intrinsic quality which thou canst call thy own, and which might plead in thy favour to this unsophisticated maiden?"

"Yes, the warmest adoration, the most undissembled reverence."

"The *warm* adoration of a statue," said the knight.

"Yes, for she can melt a heart of stone!" said Apollo:—"Oh, fairest maiden," and he stept before Don Quixote, and took the arm of Adriana, "will you not hear my lyre pour forth its strains of love?"

"A *liar*," said Adriana, "is a very bad person;—I prefer *truth* to every thing."

"Lady, I mean a musical instrument, sweet and captivating."

"A *liar* can be an instrument of no good," said Adriana.

"This rusticity is well affected," said Apollo, "it is often that *you* have misconstrued my meaning, though you know,—though you *feel* yourself the

object of my eternal regard,—my everlasting reverence!" this was said in the low voice of Lord Maybury.

Adriana answered in character,—"That speech implies thee Folly's lawful subject; oh, go to her, and hang thy votive wreath, and string thy warbling lyre, and charm her with thine harmony, and leave a quiet villager to tranquil solitude, and silent contemplation. Will you not send the mock Apollo from me, oh, valorous knight?" said Adriana to Don Quixote, who drew his sword, as if to drive him off, but Apollo remained in the same situation, till hearing the bells of Folly, and perceiving the goddess's attention was directed towards them, he walked off—

when Adriana said "how much I am obliged to you, most renowned and valiant knight, for your kind care of a poor rustic girl like me; I cannot say, yet much I fear that even your good offices may be misinterpreted, for what's so open to the shafts of malice as lofty virtue?"

"The shafts of misfortune too have wounded your knight, lady; *he* has suffered where he was most vulnerable; he has lost all that was dear to him, and he has wasted away days of cheerless existence, mourning with sad and silent fealty his liege lady, the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso, when *yon* the vision of the maid he loved appeared, and for you he would consent to live for years in desarts wild, 'on barren heaths, or midst autumnal

wastes."—The tone of the knight's voice was no longer clear, his voice grew husky; it was evident that he felt inexpressible emotion; but Adriana was at a loss to guess from what cause it proceeded.—"We must separate now," said he, "queen of virtue, thy captive knight must for the present leave thee; he is too disinterested in his passion by a momentary selfishness to endanger thy transcendant modesty by the particularity of a longer conversation,—another time may come,"—and bowing majestically, and with a knight-like air, putting his sword into its sheath, he stalked away; while Adriana walked amongst the motley groupe, and was more than once spoken to by Apollo,

but she answered him tartly, and with the rusticity attached to the character she had assumed, pretending to consider him only as Apollo.

The Goddess of Silence appeared in a very diminutive and feminine form; and though a *woman*, thought she might *support her character*, and remain undiscovered; but some mischievous wight had found out Miss Filmer under the disguise, and was determined that this discovery should be made public, so pinning a label to the back of the mute goddess, "This is Miss Filmer" was repeated by every mask at they passed or followed her; and the poor lady, to her great surprise learnt, that though she had never spoken since she entered, and

had separated herself from Mrs. D'Onolly, and for once in her life appeared as an independent being; yet still she was universally recognized with "This is Miss Filmer."

Heloise espied the trick which had been played on her *faithful Filmer*, but she dared not interrupt the mute eloquence of the Goddess of Silence, so she glided by her saying, in an audible and empassioned voice—

"Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
"Nor pass these lips (by) holy silence seal'd."

The term, *holy* silence, Miss Filmer construed into an oblique compliment to herself; and the courage of the

little goddess revived, though she still heard her name repeated by mingling voices as she walked.

Heloise had retired to a dark cell which had been fitted up in one of the interior apartments; a lamp hung over her gloomy habitation, she held the last letter of Abelard to her bosom;—Adriana contemplated her for some minutes in silent astonishment and disgust; she could not deny her the merit of acting her part *well*, but she thought it a merit 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'

The pilgrim too eyed the fair visionary for some time, then advancing towards Adriana, he said—

" *Black Melancholy* sits, and round her throws,
" A death-like silence and a dread repose !"

The Goddess of Silence at this instant came towards Heloise, and placed herself in her usual distant post of watchful vigilance.

" This is the first time in my life of my being present at an entertainment of this kind," said the pilgrim.

" And does this specimen amuse you sufficiently to tempt you to be present at another ?" said Adriana.

" I will answer that question by asking another," said he ;—" Do you derive entertainment from the spectacle ?"

" As a spectacle *merely*, it might gra-

tify my eyes," returned Adriana ; " the entertainment which I might derive from it, if I were in spirits, I fear would chiefly consist in laughing at the folly of those around me, and that laugh would not bear reflection, for there seems something very degrading to the boasted dignity of human nature in adopting the disguise, and assuming the characters of the lowest and the most contemptible beings.—"

" And perhaps," interrupted the pilgrim, " giving a licence to the tongue under a mask perfectly appropriate to the *character* which is assumed ; that Heloise for example, who indulges herself in ranting out all the empassioned poetry of Pope,—if she be a woman of character, she *dares* not recite it with

her countenance exposed to public view."

"You know her not," said Adriana; "I have had the honor of being introduced to her, and can tell you that she is at this period at the very sublimest height of fashionable notoriety in this place; that she is considered as one of that higher and privileged order of beings, who nobly dares to defy all the hackneyed and beaten modes and customs of society.—You would think me severe and illiberal, and saying things under *my* mask quite foreign from my character of an unassuming and simple country girl, if I were to tell you all I have seen of this fair Illuminati, this proselyte of the German school."

"An unassuming and simple coun-

try girl, (by *simple*, I mean simplicity and purity) if she comes like yourself, to a scene like this, with her principles rightly formed, and a correct and unvitiated judgment, cannot fail of making it a proper and beneficial lesson," said the pilgrim.

"Who can this pilgrim be?" thought Adriana, "how can he be acquainted with my principles?" but she re-called herself by recollecting that compliments were the vocabulary of a masquerade; and that though the pilgrim's might be in a more delicate strain than that of others who had attacked her, from time to time, yet she must still attribute it to '*badinage, pour passer le tems*;' but still there was something so impressive in the pilgrim's manner, and so friendly

and sensible in his conversation, that she preferred chatting with him, even rather than with the knight of La Mancha.

"Will you answer me with ingenuousness and candour to a few questions?" said the pilgrim; "will you patiently hear what I say, which may not require an answer; and will you believe that a most *disinterested* wish for your happiness, (however extraordinary my manner may appear) that a most disinterested desire to see you happy," and as he laid a peculiar emphasis on these words, a deep sigh arose from the bottom of his heart, "*stranger* as I appear to you, dictates my present behaviour."

Adriana almost trembled; there was

something so singular in this address; but she sat down on the seat which he pointed to her, and bowed her head in token of compliance.

"The young quaker who seems known to a certain nun in this company, must I think have discovered himself to you," said he.

"The assumption of *any* character must be a difficult task to *him*," said Adriana, "and he can scarcely be said to possess one of his own."

"But he has serious thoughts of becoming a benedict, lady;" the pilgrim walked nearer to her as he said these words.

"Serious thoughts," repeated Adriana, "you do not know him, sir; he is incapable of reflection."

"Ah, lady, tell me with sincerity, have you suffered any uneasiness on this young quaker's account?"

"Is this a fair question," asked Adriana.

"I hardly know that it is, but the present opportunity cannot be lost, and necessity must be my only excuse;—Did you, *Miss Hartley*," (Adriana started at hearing her name;—) "Did you feel averse to your father's wishes in favor of this young quaker?"

"Most assuredly I did," said Adriana.

"Thank Heaven!" said the pilgrim, energetically; "you have relieved me from a weight of anxiety.—Now, young lady, by the truth of what I am going

to say, and which you will speedily acknowledge, you may judge of the sincerity of my intentions;—on the account of that young quaker you will *never* more experience a moment of uneasiness."

"Oh, that I might believe you!" cried Adriana, with warmth.

"You will have proved the *truth* of my words before this hour to-morrow night," said the pilgrim; "and now another question; have you any knowledge of the knight of the woeful countenance who conversed with you just now?"

Adriana answered in the negative.

"Did you never see any one who

resembled him in person ?" said the pilgrim.

" Yes, I think I have."

" How long have you known the gentleman whose person this knight reminded you of ?" asked the pilgrim.

" Only since I arrived at this place," said Adiana, " and he has now left it for a short time."

" I am right in my conjectures then," returned the mask ; " and supposing he were to return, and start up in the place of the quaker, the exchange might probably be for your advantage !"

" I do not understand you."

" Do not suffer yourself to be corrupted by the sophisms of the world," said the pilgrim; " disdain the paltry

subterfuge you have just used; this Don Quixote, (supposing him to be the man we have been talking of) is sensible and well-informed, his fortune is ample, his character unblemished; if his conversation is too much tinctured with severity, it is from feeling himself superior to the common level of those who surround him;—do you unite in this praise?" and he took Adriana's hand in his.

"I have no reason to disguise my opinion in this instance," said Adriana, "especially as the gentleman to whom you allude has made many evenings pass pleasantly away by his remarks and sentiments."

"*Now* you speak in your own character," said the pilgrim; "ingenuous-

ness is that lovely feature of innocence which adds a lustre to every other charm; time will not allow me to say more, than to assure you, that if Don Quixote be the person alluded to, I have never exchanged a word with him till this evening, nor is he acquainted either with my name, or my motives in observing him; my observation has contributed to the favorable opinion I had previously formed, but I judged it necessary to tell you this, lest if you hereafter discovered the knight of La Mancha in the person of a young *baronet*, you should imagine that some collusion had existed between us, and under the influence of that idea, should suffer your behaviour to stiffen into

formal restraint, when you should next behold him; I hardly dare indulge myself with a longer conversation, and yet I know not how to tear myself away; a more sincere pilgrim never bent at the shrine of our Lady of Loretto; I have seen a great deal of life's pilgrimage, fair maiden and can discern that even the mask of *volatile Folly* may hide a heart ill at ease; the goddess of these revels may perchance have discovred that *she*, who used to have every wish anticipated, and every look forestalled, has not been able, with all her wiles, her lures, her *tempting* bribes, to purchase that heart for which alone she sighed; the noble symmetry of the Apollo captivated her fancy, but recently awakened from her dream of fancied happiness, she hurries with restless earnestness in quest of re-

newed pleasure, while the sting of unrequited love tinges every scene, and *jealousy* begins to infuse its deadly poison on her mind, the offspring of that selfishness which was uncurbed through youth's unclouded reign."

"And who are you, stranger," said Adriana, "who thus discern the hidden movements of all those with whom I am the most intimate; the discovery of yourself would *surely* be attended with great comfort to me, and could be of no disadvantage to you."

"Alas, lady, it would be of no use; I can now warn you of things behind my mask for which I should perhaps have neither courage or presence of

mind when standing *revealed* before you; I can now bid you beware of the Apollo, for though the symmetry of his person may be a *model* for the statuary, yet the deformty of his mind exceeds it; and to attempt the demolition of all that is fair and lovely would not be too black an act for this votary of vice!—Of *your* virtue, of *your* resolution, lady, I have no doubt; called upon to sustain a *part* on the theatre of life, may your success equal the goodness and the purity of your intentions; and continue to ask the asistance of *Him*, whose worship you are not ashamed of amidst 'the world's dread laugh.'—I would fain say something of a near connexion, but the subject is as unpleasant for me to enter upon as for *you*

to hear; a ruling passion when *once* it obtains firm hold on the mind, is I fear *never* to be extirpated, unless it be forcibly rooted out by the assistance of Him to whom a gamester *dares* not apply!—I have just witnessed its lamentable ascendancy; a jew, a turk, a wild indian, and a father confessor, have retired to a snug rubber in a private room of this mansion; the moving scene here was insipid and vapid compared to the whirling of painted bits of paper on a green cloth!" Adriana sighed, for she guessed that the turk was her father. "And now farewell," said the pilgrim, "reflect on what I have said; if you discover that I have told you truth in a *single* instance, by

that rule estimate my sincerity. Assure yourself, that whilst you are good and virtuous you will always have friends; accustom yourself to believe that you are always under the eye of an ever-watchful and superintending Providence; 'Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen by man!' says a divine poet; the guardian spirits of goodness never slumber on their posts.—Adieu!" and bowing his head reverently three times, the pilgrim walked away leaning on his staff.

Adriana was ready to exclaim "will you not come again?—will you not continue your advice?—will you not tell me your name?" but she continued silent, though her heart was full; and

tears fell behind that mask which wore the semblance of cheerful hilarity. It was in this situation that the Apollo Belvedere once more approached her.

"After knights and pilgrims have been heard with the most flattering indulgence, surely I may put in my claim for a little of that notice which I would die to purchase?"

"Die to purchase!" exclaimed a female voice, "what prostitution of words!—Oh, lady, believe not the traitor man!" and the countenance and the imploring form of a Madona fell at the feet of Adriana; taking her hand and pressing it wildly to her

bosom, while her voice assumed an energy almost super-human, she cried, "I charge you hear them not; they flatter to deceive, they lure only to betray, they smile to ruin and degrade!—Oh, steel your heart against the traitor man, although the fair proportion of his comely form may stand unrivalled; and listen not though flattery's polished language should drop like honey from his lips!—And most of all, turn as from the poisoned asp, from *him* the *married* libertine, the scoffer at religion's laws!—O, think thou hearest a friend's, a relative's, a *mother's* voice; fancy thou hearest one whose wretched fate, sunk into ruin, infamy, disgrace, should steel thy heart against."

The Madona still pressed the hand of Adriana, and still knelt before her, but sense and respiration were both fled from our heroine, she fell back on the shoulder of the Apollo, he hastily tore off her mask; the Madona started up, and passionately throwing her arms round her, she strained her to her bosom, then rushed among the crowd and disappeared, while the rumour of a fainting fit, her uncovered countenance, and its beauty, drew many gazing eyes about our heroine; *Folly* stood aloof, but the good old housekeeper soon arrived with restoratives, and Don Quixote with his drawn sword kept off all encroachers, while Apollo resigned his charge only when he put her into

a chair to be conveyed home; and the Goddess of Folly, did not seem at all displeased to witness the exit of one so evidently in opposition to her sceptre of sway.

CHAP. X.

ADRIANA had scarcely recovered her recollection when she reached home; she staggered up stairs, and having dismissed the servant, she sat down to ruminate on the strange event which had deprived her of self-possession. The Madona must have been her mother; the frenzied pressure of her hand, her emotion, her raised voice, the hurried

tone in which she had uttered the most emphatic words, all spoke to her heart!—Her whole frame had experienced a revulsion, at seeing, at hearing, at feeling, a repentant, an affectionate mother, at her feet;—but, alas! her fainting had prevented her from following her parent; it had prevented her from telling her mother that she knew her, that she had long panted for such an interview, that *no* sounds could be more grateful to her ear than the confession of repentance from her mother; and the sense of the Madona's address had implied an acknowledgement of guilt;—but, alas! Adriana had not a full confirmation of this; her mother might dread that fate for her child, into which she had pre-

cipitated herself, though perhaps neither the will or the power was now her's of breaking the fatal bondage by which she had been ensnared; despised and shunned by the world, holding her own conduct in self-condemnation, the strength of mind, and the renovation of heart necessary to enter on a virtuous course of life might still be wanting; and while she warned her daughter, she yet might be a cast-a-way herself!

"Oh, if I could but fly to her, and beseech her to forsake the paths of vice; if I could but assure her of the filial affection which should ever accompany my behaviour towards her; if I could but speak peace to a heart oppressed by

the weight of its own guilt, what happiness would be mine!" cried the sobbing Adriana; but no prospect, no clue, which might lead to a discovery, was offered to her. The masquerade habit had been assumed, she made no doubt, to enable her mother to see, and address her; and though her manner was obviously pointed and impressive to the heart of her child, yet a by-stander might discover little more in it than an enthusiastic assumption of the character she had adopted, for Mrs. D'Onolly's Heloise had been equally romantic and empassioned.

The conversation of the pilgrim, which would have afforded Adriana much room for conjectures at any other

time, was now almost obliviated from her memory by the succeeding scene; though the attention of Lord Maybury, during her indisposition, added a still deeper sense of uneasiness to her present feelings.

The *pilgrim* seemed to be well acquainted with his principles; and almost to believe herself to be the particular object of his pursuit. The *Madona* had warned her from listening to him, and that in a strain which showed that she imagined her in danger from his attentions.

Adriana had often thought that the gallantries of Lord Maybury were much too pointed towards her; had the world also

perceived this? and was her character already suffering on his account?—the thought was too dreadful to be borne! yet how otherwise could the pilgrim have spoken as he did; for whoever he might be that had assumed the disguise, Adriana was convinced that he was not one of Lord or Lady Maybury's intimates, for if so she *must* have discovered him; but his manner, his whole style of conversation, was totally different to any one of that set.

The propriety and the necessity of shunning Lord Maybury, Adriana fully felt; but she knew that she should not be able to do so, for her father's chief wish appeared that of her asso-

ciating with Lady Maybury's party; thus she felt entangled in the net of Lord Maybury, without the power of escaping; and though her principles were secure from injury, yet her fame might suffer an irremediable blight from his malicious influence.

How eagerly, how earnestly, did our heroine wish that she was again at Hartley Manor; there she had been secure from every danger; there she had been strengthened in virtue and resolution by the example of three beloved friends; *there* her mother would have felt certain of her safety, for *her mother's* days of innocence had *there* been passed.

Indisposed and harassed, both in mind and body, poor Adriana passed a sleepless night. A thousand schemes for discovering her mother were formed, which on a review appeared futile or eccentric; it was plain that Mrs. Hartley wished to remain concealed from her daughter;—and, alas! Adriana was forced to acknowledge that this concealment was in some part necessary; an association between virtue and vice could not be entered into with impunity; she dared not hold any intercourse with her nearest and dearest relative! for had Mr. Hartley's behaviour towards her been more conciliatory, and had his pursuits been more congenial with her own, yet she still felt that a *mother's* affection, a *mother's*

love, a *mother's* society, would have been wanting to give the last charm to her existence.

Adriana had heard her father return home about five in the morning, and soon after the house had been perfectly quiet.

Although very restless, and perfectly awake; yet she remained in bed till a later hour than usual, as she had too much humanity to disturb the domestics, being well aware that midnight watchings demanded some portion of rest, to enable them to pursue their daily occupations; but she felt parched and feverish, her head ached, her temples throbbed; and she was convinced

that a continuation of late hours in her present agitable state of mind and nerves, must effectually undermine her health, and ruin her constitution; and she was laying down a plan of regularity and domestic seclusion perfectly consonant with her moral ideas of right, when she recollected that this would in one moment be overturned if her father chose to exert that authority against which she dared not appeal.

Mr. Hartley had breakfasted in his own apartment; he walked out about noon; Adriana saw him no more. About two o'clock the following letter was put into her hand.—

" Dear Adriana,

I have received a very great shock this morning at finding that the blockhead Dawson slipped through our fingers last night at the masquerade, and went off with one of the Pembertons; it is useless to find fault with you now, but if you had chosen to be less reserved and sententious, you would have been in the young lady's place. Circumstances which are wholly unnecessary for me to detail, but, which you may probably in some part imagine, oblige me to quit this place instantly; and as my return is uncertain, I have given up my house, and discharged my servants. Lady Maybury will kindly receive you under her roof; I have written to her for that purpose,

and she will expect you at dinner; I need not tell you to conduct yourself with the utmost politeness towards her, you will see the necessity of it.

"Sir Lionel Herbert is returned again to Bath; perhaps you might still have a chance of succeeding with him, as I rather suspect the notoriety of your engagement with Dawson kept him at a distance heretofore; remember I must have no more shilly-shally scruples, I expect you to accept the next eligible offer you have, for a Dawson fortune is a chance which rarely happens more than once in a woman's life.

Your affectionate father,

Henry Hartley."

A variery of overwhelming sensations were experienced by our heroine on reading the only letter she had ever remembered to have received from her father.

The first reflection that amidst this tumult crossed her mind—was "the pilgrim indeed spoke truth; I am freed from the persecutions of Dawson;" but the feelings of exultation that sprang up in her bosom was crushed as instantaneously when she proceeded,—her father had probably been losing more money, and sinking himself yet deeper in the ruin which he deprecated. He had *ordered* her to go to Lady Maybury's; he had commanded his child to seek an asylum under the roof

of *him* who was her bitterest enemy!—of *him* whom she ought to have avoided as her bane!—But how did the letter conclude;—with what unfeeling indelicacy did he urge her to attempt the conquest of Sir Lionel Herbert, not, as it was evident for any good quality which he possessed, but in order to secure an advantageous establishment; the native delicacy of Adriana ran in direct opposition to such a mercenary idea; and the crimson and indignant tide which suffused her cheeks, and then returned to her heart, as she read her father's sentiments, proved how difficult a task she felt it to reconcile her upright principles with filial duty towards such a parent.

But she had no time allowed for rumination; a servant entered to inform her that it was necessary that she should get her trunks ready to be removed to Lord Maybury's, as the house must be cleared of them before dinner, another family being expected to come in at night.

"Mr. Johnson has discharged us all, ma'am," said the dashy footman, kicking his heel as he held the lock of the door in his hand; "rather unexpected to be sure, but 'necessity has no law,' as they say; and we were all paid pretty handsome; most of 'em are gone already, but I thought it would be doing the genteel thing, as I have been mostly about you, just to offer my

services, as I can stay to see the things off pretty well, having no particular engagement till the evening, when Lord ——'s butler gives what *we* call a *snuggery* to a few select in his own room."

Adriana thanked him, and said she would prepare her trunks, and with a heavy heart she left the room to do so; the maid servant belonging to the house assisted her, and tears in spite of all her struggles would force their way to the eyes of Adriana, as she was thus employed.

The idea of being driven to an asylum in the house of Lord Maybury was almost insupportable, and again her heart

yearned towards the manor of Hartley, again she reverted to those peaceful and happy hours which had there passed over her head; she almost thought of returning to them again, though unauthorized by her father so to do; but *obedience* was firmly impressed on her mind, she dared not hazard such an opposition to parental authority; Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn had both respected the will of her father; Mr Falkland had talked of filial duty; and, alas! the finances of our heroine were very low, her father had made no enquiries concerning them, and she had not money enough in her purse to take her a day's journey from Bath. No resource was left her, yet the nice sensibility of Adriana was hurt at not seeing Lady Maybury, or receiving any message from her

in the course of the morning. "Such would not have been my behaviour in her situation," sighed she; "I would have hastened to my expected guest, to have shown her, by my prompt acquiescence with her father's request, that she would be *welcomely* received; and am I then *sure* of a *welcome* reception from Lady Maybury?" Adriana remembered that the pilgrim had hinted something of *jealousy;* he had told her truth in *one* instance; surely he did not mean to insinuate that *she* was the object of Lady Maybury's jealousy, how distressing was the idea?—and yet that she was pursued by Lord Maybury seemed apparent to the world, else why the never to be forgotten address of the Madona;—and if the Madona should

have been her mother, (and her passionate address had been spoken with all a mother's anxiety) what would she think of her child were she to be told that the succeeding day she had taken refuge under the roof of him from whom she warned her? would it not appear as if she defied counsel and advice? and would not her conscience-struck mother feel the most poignant anguish at the apparent imprudence of her child?

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